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L A F I T T E

A PLAY  
IN PROLOGUE  
AND  
FOUR ACTS  
BY

LUCILE RUTLAND AND RHODA CAMERON

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## CHARACTERS.



JEAN DURAND, . . . . .	afterwards Jean Lafitte.
MARQUIS D'ACOSTA, . . . . .	belonging to the court of Ferdinand VII.
DON MANUEL D'ACOSTA, . . . . .	his son.
MARIANA D'ACOSTA, . . . . .	his niece.
PEDRO D'ACOSTA, . . . . .	Mariana's brother by adoption.
BELUCHE, . . . . .	a soldier in Napoleon's army.
DELLONNE, . . . . .	a sentry.
LEON DUVAL, . . . . .	a wealthy Louisianian.
BELLA CARDEZ, . . . . .	his step-daughter.
DARBLEE, . . . . .	proprietor of <i>l'hotel des Exiles</i> .
DOMINIQUE YOU, . . . . .	his nephew.
BAPTISTE, . . . . .	his negro servant.
A STRANGER	
MOTHER AUGUSTUS, . . . . .	an austere, elderly nun.
LIZBETTE, . . . . .	a voo-doo of Barataria.
FATHER POULARDE, . . . . .	a rubicund, self-confessed optimist.
DOCTOR BORDE, . . . . .	the Pride's doctor.
FATHER CUTHBERT, . . . . .	the priest of Barataria.
CAPTAIN LOCKYER, . . . . .	of the British navy.
CAPTAIN MCWILLIAMS, . . . . .	of the British navy.
GOVERNOR CLAIBORNE, . . . . .	Governor of Louisiana.
CHAIRMAN, . . . . .	on the Committee of War Measures.
SHIP CAPTAIN, . . . . .	of American vessel.
OFFICERS, PASSENGERS, . . . . .	of American vessel.
MATE, . . . . .	of the Creole.

Politicians and legislators, two roysterers, Spanish merchants,  
nuns, pirates, hunters, grave-diggers, ladies and gentlemen,  
soldiers, servants, guards, and a messenger.

## PLACE.



PROLOGUE	.	.	.	.	Bayonne, France.
ACT I. SCENE I.	.	.	.	.	<i>L'hotel des Exiles</i> , New Orleans.
“ “ “ II.	.	.	.	.	On board ship, bound for France.
ACT II.	.	.	.	.	Vicinity of Lafitte's home, the Red House, Baratavia.
ACT III. SCENE I.	.	.	.	.	Governor Claiborne's mansion, New Orleans.
“ “ “ II.	.	.	.	.	<i>L' hotel des Exiles</i> .
ACT IV.	.	.	.	.	An approach to New Orleans.

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## TIME.



PROLOGUE. 1808.                      PLAY, 1814-15.



PROLOGUE.



## PROLOGUE.



*SCENE. A beautiful garden ; rustic tables and chairs ; to the right a castle, massive, elegant, imposing. Don Manuel D' Acosta, standing on the veranda, absorbed in thought. Enter Marquis D' Acosta.*

MARQ. Manuel.—Manuel.

MAN. You called?

MARQ. Of what were you thinking so intently?

MAN. A little plan that I imagine will surprise Napoleon somewhat.

MARQ. He will at least reciprocate. He has prepared a surprise for us.

MAN. How so?

MARQ. I have just heard that we are to be sent to-morrow to the castle of Valencay.

MAN. The devil!

MARQ. As “guests of France,” our host feels that he must provide better lodgings for us.

MAN. Safer ones, you mean.

MARQ. I warned you that your zeal for Ferdinand would lead us to prison.

MAN. Long live his Majesty, Ferdinand the VII!

MARQ. And Mariana must share our prison.

MAN. Better that than freedom with others.

MARQ. You talk like a youth. Mariana has French blood in her veins.

MAN. She has Spanish blood in her veins too. She is your niece and my cousin.

MARQ. She has no sympathy for Ferdinand.

MAN. Because she has been taught to distrust him. Will Captain Durand's company remain here or escort us to Valencay.

MARQ. I do not know.

MAN. It is incredible that you let her speak to that man.

MARQ. He is not a lunatic.

MAN. He is worse: he is a *poseur*. You know very well that a girl's admiration is always captured by such a tale of heroism as he has been at pains to have circulated.

MARQ. What heroism?

MAN. An absurd story that Napoleon sent him with a message to the Empress; that five or six rowdy Spaniards, thinking to make a grand *coup*, and under the impression that they were military instructions, waylaid him and demanded the papers upon him

MARQ. And then?

MAN. Oh, then my gallant proved himself. He switched out his sword and bade them advance. And the men, not recognizing him as a hero, advanced and were slain.

MARQ. It was a brave act.

MAN. If one accredit it, as you so generously do.

MARQ. Manuel, I have used, and will use my influence in your favor. Beyond that I can do nothing.

MAN. Say will do nothing. (*exit.*)

MARQ. Poor boy! Poor hot-head! (*enter Mariana.*)

MAR. What a beautiful day, uncle!

MARQ. Hedged in as we are, I cannot see it.

MAR. But overhead the way is all ours.

MARQ. You are very light-hearted these days.

MAR. There are so many beauties on beauties, and still out of sight and hearing, an infinite comfort, as if God had centered the Universe into a nesting hollow for us.

MARQ. You know, Mariana, that I wish you to marry Manuel.

MAR. Uncle—

MARQ. You know that your father wished it; left you his fortune only upon that condition.

MAR. Yes, I know.

MARQ. Think of these things. Do not let the caprice of a moment weigh against the wishes of your dead. (*exit ; Mariana sits absorbed in thought ; enter Jean Durand ; he has his left arm lightly bandaged ; he comes up behind her, puts his right arm around her.*)

MAR. (*starting*) Oh! It is you.

JEAN. I am jealous of those long thoughts of yours.

MAR. Are you?

JEAN. Jealous of all things that claim you; the winds that whisper to you all day long, the dreams that make you smile or sigh, the moon-beams that enfold you at night, the thoughts that bid you pay attention.

MAR. I know a magician who converts all those things to his use.

JEAN. I know an enchantress who makes him believe he does.

MAR. He praises my eyes, my lips, my hair, and I lie awake at night thinking about the happiness and the wonder of their being beautiful to him.

JEAN. The wonder would be in their being anything else.

MAR. Even for my chance words, he creates meanings of wisdom and wit.

JEAN. Because, like the sun's rays, they beautify even the smallest things.

MAR. I am afraid he does not hear me; that he does not see me.

JEAN. He loves you, sweetheart. God has put no appraiser in the world half so infallible as Love. Do you know why I was jealous of that long thought of yours?

MAR. No. (*she bends her head and lightly touches with her lips his wounded arm.*)

JEAN. Because it seemed a sad thought.

MAR. It was. I was thinking of Pedro.

JEAN. Your brother?

MAR. Yes. Do you know, Jean, I am glad I cannot have the fortune my father left.

JEAN. I am glad that I shall be forever in your debt for the privilege of making you another.

MAR. Even if I had not met you, I could never have married Manuel, and, in that case, the fortune would have reverted to the Church.

- JEAN. In that case it would have been your brother's happiness and privilege to have shared his with you.
- MAR. My brother was not even mentioned in the will. That is why I am glad I cannot have the money.
- JEAN. What was his offense?
- MAR. Nothing, that we know of. He is not really my brother, you know; only an adopted brother.
- JEAN. French?
- MAR. No, Spanish; adopted by my parents before my birth, when they had despaired of having a child of their own.
- JEAN. Then he is older than you?
- MAR. Ten years.
- JEAN. Where is he now?
- MAR. We do not know. Five years ago, (when we left France to go to Spain, after my father's death) he ceased answering my letters. I begged him to write to me—to love me, but —
- JEAN. He is an ingrate.
- MAR. Oh, he is not. He is hurt and humiliated by father's will. He had been treated as a son during his life-time; he must have supposed he would still be treated as a son when father died. My heart aches for poor Pedro.
- JEAN. He ought to be a happy man.
- MAR. Happy?
- JEAN. You pray for him—long for him—love him.
- MAR. I pray for others.
- JEAN. For me?
- MAR. My best prayers.
- JEAN. And long for me sometimes?
- MAR. Always—when you give me a chance.
- JEAN. If I were forced to give you a long chance?
- MAR. Jean—
- JEAN. Let me speak to your uncle, sweetheart.
- MAR. It would be useless.
- JEAN. He is kind to you; he loves you.
- MAR. He loves Manuel better. He is determined on the marriage.
- JEAN. But if he saw your happiness is at stake?
- MAR. He would call it caprice. You see my father's will makes it easy for him to think desire, duty.

- JEAN. Then marry me, sweetheart. Give me the right to make your peace secure. All that you have dreamed of me I will try to be; all that you have hoped for me I will work to achieve; all that you believe of me I will die to prove. Marry me, sweetheart. Say the yes that is in your eyes.
- MAR. (*closing them*) My eyes are tell-tales which should be punished.
- JEAN. (*kissing them*) Your eyes are altar lamps to Truth. Say the yes that is in your heart. (*Mariana throws her arms around him*) My sweetheart! To-night?
- MAR. Oh, Jean—
- JEAN. This is our last day here.
- MAR. Last!
- JEAN. To-morrow Ferdinand and his Court will be removed to the castle of Valencay.
- MAR. And you? Do you accompany us?
- JEAN. I do not know. I have not yet received my orders.
- MAR. You will not leave me, Jean?
- JEAN. Does one leave the light, air, warmth, life? I shall come to you this afternoon.
- MAR. My uncle is calling—
- JEAN. *Au revoir*, sweetheart. (*kisses her; exit Mariana; Beluche enters R. U.*)
- BEL. (*to sentry at back*) Is Captain Durand here?
- JEAN (*overhearing him, and turning up stage from L. I. E.*) Ah, Beluche!
- BEL. You seem very happy. Are you not yet tired of your Spanish watch?
- JEAN. Tired? I wish it might last forever.
- BEL. We shall have you Spanishized next; praising the senors; adoring the senioritas.
- JEAN. The senioritas—
- BEL. Thank heaven, I can hear your rhapsodies seldom.
- JEAN. You'll force me to think soon, Beluche, that some fair seniorita has jilted you heartlessly.
- BEL. Would the thought suggest any caution?
- JEAN. You admit?
- BEL. I admit that to deserve is better than to possess.

JEAN. Well parried!

BEL. And, as against polite Spaniards, I admit to a preference for honest cannibals.

JEAN. (*laughing*) And the New World?

BEL. And the New World. I have heard tales of it to make the heart beat and the eye lighten.

JEAN. Fairy tales.

BEL. Matters of fact; of wonderful fortune-making, of breathless daring.

JEAN. Accomplished by whom?

BEL. The Carthaginians (*fiercely*) against the Spanish.

JEAN. Oh—the Caribbean sea exploits? Pirates.

BEL. I beg your pardon. Privateers.

JEAN. I believe you *are* in earnest.

BEL. I am going there.

JEAN. To the New World?

BEL. To the New World. Will you go with me?

JEAN. My dear Beluche, impossible.

BEL. Then good-by. I must hurry back. (*exit*)

JEAN. Wait a moment. Beluche— What an eccentric! (*looking towards Mariana's window*) But he does not know that I have found a new world already. (*exit; enter Pedro R, U. E.; he sees Jean exiting; looks after him gloomily*)

PED. Captain Durand! More officious than ever I presume, since the Emperor has been pleased to praise him. Confound the luck! To have to break off in the midst of my furlough for cursed gambling debts and threatened disgrace. However, my young Captain, you've been a sufficient thorn in my side; you won't have a chance to step in my shoes yet awhile.— I must see Manuel. Re-enforced as he will be by Mariana's fortune, his friendship appeals to me. (*enter Manuel*) How goes the world with my brother-in-law elect?

MAN. Pedro! It is ages since we have heard from you. Mariana has been in much sorrow about it.

PED. I hope then to give her added joy on her wedding day.

MAN. Her wedding day?

PED. The earliest time fixed by her father for her marriage is at hand. I assume your eagerness to profit by it.



MAN. You assume hers too?

PED. Why not?

MAN. For the most potent of all reasons. She does not love me.

PED. She says so. Women are fond of entreaty.

MAN. I have entreated.

PED. They are fond of mastery. You are faint-hearted, dependent.

MAN. I am reasonable.

PED. You speak your defeat. There is no other man, is there?

MAN. Curse him!

PED. What sort of man?

MAN. Oh, a young swashbuckler, lately promoted to a Captaincy by Napoleon,—Jean Durand, by name.

PED. That man!

MAN. What of him?

PED. She must not marry him. One thing more: do you love her?

MAN. Pedro d'Acosta!

PED. Your pardon. I had not thought of the fortune. Your own is sufficient guarantee against financial motives.

MAN. I love her, certainly.

PED. Then— I shall be able to help you.

MAN. She will not listen to you.

PED. I shall not ask her to do so. Do not let her know that I am in Bayonne.

MAN. You wear a French Colonel's uniform. She will hear of you through Captain Durand.

PED. She will hear only of his Colonel, whose name is Tolosa.

MAN. But you?

PED. I am Colonel Tolosa. Five years ago I dropped the name of my adopted parents, and assumed that of the little Spanish town in which I was born.

MAN. You joined the French army!

PED. For which you shall be thankful. To return to Mariana: there is no use arguing with a woman in love. We must pit our wits against Durand's, letting her know nothing of our interference. Go to her. Press your suit, besiege her with entreaty. Determine to win and you shall.

MAN. If you speak truth—

- PED. There is no if but in yourself. Sweep aside all denial, rush her along the current of your will; make her breathless, powerless. (When she recovers, she will admire, love you.)
- MAN. Pedro—
- PED. No thanks. I'll help you, if you will help yourself.
- MAN. When shall I see you again?
- PED. Leave that to me. *Au revoir.* (exit)
- MAN. (enthusiastically) If Pedro be right!—(enter Mariana with a basket for gathering flowers)
- MAR. Uncle has been seeking you, Manuel.
- MAN. (advancing towards her) And you?
- MAR. (purposely misunderstanding) He did not need me.
- MAN. Have you been seeking me?
- MAR. Why should I?
- MAN. Why, indeed! You know that my love needs no bidding; that it is—
- MAR. That it is very unbidden.
- MAN. That it is the sum of my existence; that it has ruined my life for all things save worship of one idea—you; longing for one good—you; hatred for one opposition—yours.
- MAR. I must gather my flowers.
- MAN. (savagely) You are in a cutting mood. Allow me to hold your basket for you.
- MAR. It will do as well on the ground. (she lets it fall to the ground; Manuel picks it up.) I prefer it on the ground.
- MAN. I prefer to hold it.
- MAR. But as the basket is mine—(goes to take it.)
- MAN. (retaining it) And you are mine—
- MAR. You know my answer to that.
- MAN. My dearest, in the days when our great, great uncle was a corsair—
- MAR. Spare me the recital of his feats.
- MAN. He would have made short shrift of your little sins of hesitancy and doubt.
- MAR. Hesitancy!
- MAN. He would have seized you, body and soul. He would have understood no denial. He would have seen no sense in it.
- MAR. A corsair you called him. Another name for thief.

MAN. For poetry, freedom, reckless bravery!

MAR. For underhandedness and skulking cowardice. I abhor his very name.

MAN. That is impossible. It is also mine.

MAR. Your boast of it does you no credit.

MAN. Mariana, my best beloved, do not drive me to desperation. I am patient.

MAR. I am not, especially when you seek to overawe me by telling me what a notorious pirate would do in your place.

MAN. But I—

MAR. Please give me my basket.

MAN. You are not so severe on all adventurers; Captain Durand, for instance.

MAR. Captain Durand!

MAN. Yes. Do you suppose I do not see how he has hoodwinked you into admiration, love perhaps, by his tales of valor and gallantry.

MAR. Please give me my basket.

MAN. You shall not put me aside in this manner. You shall realize that I love you and that you shall love me.

MAR. Why such vehemence since you are confident?

MAN. Because you are cruel; because day by day you torture me.

MAR. I have never given you any hope.

MAN. You give me none now?

MAR. I give you none now.

MAN. Ha! ha! "Sweep aside all denial; rush her along the current of your will. When she recovers, she will admire, love you."

MAR. What?

MAN. There is your basket. (*exit*)

MAR. What did he mean? I wonder— Oh, I wish Jean would come. (*enter Jean*) Well?

JEAN. Bad news. Col. Tolosa has returned.

MAR. He orders you—?

JEAN. To remain here.

MAR. Oh!

JEAN. He must have divined, you see, that I wanted to go.

MAR. Despicable!

- JEAN. But he cannot divine the glory and happiness that will be mine in remaining, since you will remain with me.
- MAR. You don't think, Jean, that there would be any hope of gaining uncle's consent?
- JEAN. There would be scant time in which to gain it. (*enter Pedro and Manuel at back*)
- MAN. Manuel, too—You have no idea how insistent Manuel has become, almost to the point of threats.
- JEAN. Ah, put an end to such unpleasant possibilities, sweetheart. Let us be married to-night. Father Cuthbert is here—has just arrived.
- MAR. Father John Cuthbert?
- JEAN. The same. Do you know him?
- MAR. He was our parish priest in the old days in France. Pedro and I used to walk with him often.
- JEAN. He is one of my best friends.
- MAR. Will he be here long?
- JEAN. Unfortunately, no. He is only going through—will be leaving in the early morning for America. But are you not glad, sweetheart, that he is here to marry us?
- MAR. Yes.
- JEAN. I had almost forgotten. I must get a ring.
- MAR. (*touching the ring on his left hand*) This will do.
- JEAN. (*taking it off*) What! This little silver thing? It is all battered.
- MAR. (*taking it from him*) But more precious so than if chased by the finest workers of France; bent, and nearly broken, and stained with blood, it is an earnest of my lover's valor; of the fearless worth that won him his Emperor's commendation. (*she kisses the ring, and slips it on her finger*)
- JEAN. Did I not tell you, sweetheart, that your thoughts, like the sun's rays, beautify even the smallest things? Now listen. To-night, whenever my best opportunity offers, I shall come to you. I shall make my presence known by softly singing the refrain of "*Mon Coeur a Toi*." If all be well, come down to me in the garden.
- MAR. Oh, Jean, there is a great white tempest in my soul! It awes me.

JEAN. There is a greater one it seems to me in mine, but it does not awe me. It builds me—up to heaven. For the last time, my precious one, good-by.

MAR. Good-by.

JEAN. To-night. (*he kisses her; exeunt Jean and Mariana*)

MAN. (*advancing*) You see the result of “sweeping aside all denial.” It has hurried her into marriage.

PED. It has done nothing of the sort. They were bound to find some excuses for marrying.

MAN. They shall not marry. I’ll warn my father—lock her in—

PED. And ruin your chances forever.

MAN. I have no chances.

PED. If you will give me Mariana’s fortune for my good offices, I’ll ensure you the defeat of your rival.

MAN. Mariana’s fortune!

PED. What I shall do requires care and planning, and is not unaccompanied by risk. You have an ample fortune of your own. I have, thanks to my father’s kindness, nothing—less than nothing, since I am deeply in debt and in danger of disgrace, even dismissal from the army.

MAN. But Mariana’s fortune—

PED. Will be yours.

MAN. I cannot promise that.

PED. Then I cannot risk what I had thought of.

MAN. It would be useless. I have no chance.

PED. Certainly Durand seems to have left you none.

MAN. Damn him!

PED. He was not even ruffled by Mariana’s confession of your desperate wooing.

MAN. I’ll kill him!

PED. (*amused*) As for your threats, he did not consider them.

MAN. (*turning fiercely upon him*) Stop that!

PED. (*coolly and indifferently*) Good-by. (*going*)

MAN. Pedro! Will you not see the folks and use your influence with Mariana? She might listen to you.

PED. I think it very unlikely.

MAN. Wait a moment. What if your plan should fail?

PED. What plan?

MAN. About Durand.

PED. It would not fail.

MAN. Mariana, of course, would know nothing of our agreement?

PED. Certainly nothing

MAN. Very well then. I do not believe it possible for me to win her, but it will be a satisfaction to have outwitted Durand.

PED. (*handing him a pencil and paper upon which he has been writing.*) Will you sign this?

MAN. My word is sufficient.

PED. Certainly. Yet as a matter of business, I prefer to have your signature.

MAN. I do not believe anything will come of it. (*signs*)

PED. Your marriage will come of it. But there is no time to lose. Come with me. (*exeunt; night has come on, the moon is rising; enter Jean*)

JEAN. Dellonne is on watch. I'll—Why, Beluche! (*enter Beluche*)

BEL. I could not leave without asking you once more to come with me.

JEAN. How leave? Have you resigned from the army?

BEL. I have. I am disgusted with Napoleon's manner of treating the Spaniards; sick of inaction. Come with me.

JEAN. (*laughs*) My dear Beluche, will the fair *senorita* allow your departure?

BEL. What *senorita*?

JEAN. The creator of this restlessness, this love-hate.

BEL. Do I look like a fool?

JEAN. Heaven forbid!

BEL. Heaven has nothing to do with it. I am a fool.

JEAN. My dear Beluche—

BEL. I bear on my shoulders a convict's brand—not a regular mark, but the scars of lashings. I am a young man no longer because seven of my years have been spent in prison—a prison to which my fair *senorita* and her Spanish hypocrites sent me. And it is still a daily humiliation to me that she has a miniature of me to show her friends; the fool whose face she placed upon a serpent's head—a fitting locket truly. Probably Antonio Cardez dangles it at his watch chain now—the fat, insentient beast!—the very kind of man sure to exhibit jewelry on his expansive front.

- JEAN. My dear Beluche, I had no idea—
- BEL. You have none now—about Spaniards. Are you not under command of a Spanish colonel?
- JEAN. He must be French at heart since he is a commanding officer in Napoleon's army. Do you know him?
- BEL. No, I have never seen him.
- JEAN. I will confess to you that without reason—simply on instinct—the best support for your plea lies in my intuition about that one Spaniard.
- BEL. Ah!
- JEAN. But the fact remains. I have no cause to hate the Spanish. If I should ever have, and if my chances of avenging myself should be forever lost to me in the Old World, then I will go with you to the New.
- BEL. Then! To-morrow and her dupes! Good-by. Remember that I liked you. (*exit*)
- JEAN. Poor Beluche! (*sentry passes at back*). Dellone— (*sentry salutes*). I'll relieve you of duty for awhile. Hold yourself in readiness to return at a signal from me. (*Sentry salutes and exit; Jean looks after him, turns to Mariana's window and is advancing towards it, when Manuel appears.*)
- MAN. Good evening, Captain.
- JEAN. Good evening.
- MAN. (*descending into the garden*) Do you go with us to-morrow?
- JEAN. I do not.
- MAN. Have a cigar? (*offering him a cigar*)
- JEAN. Thanks. I have just had one.
- MAN. Not with me. Try one. (*Jean takes a cigar*)
- JEAN. Thanks. (*Manuel offers him a light, then lights his own cigar*)
- MAN. I suppose there is no telling when we shall see you again?
- JEAN. We may meet.
- MAN. In case we don't, will you remember that I am much indebted to you?
- JEAN. For what?
- MAN. Oh, a thousand things. You do not, I see, estimate rightly the appreciation you provoke.



JEAN. I—

MAN. Shall we walk? (*Jean stands dazed*) Are you ill?

JEAN. Nothing. . . A little dizziness. . . (*staggers to bench near table, sits and sinks face downward upon the table; Manuel watches him, then beckons to a servant who enters, bearing a bottle of liquor; exit servant; Manuel drinks from the bottle, then empties the remainder of the contents upon the ground and places the bottle on the table by Jean. He then exchanges his hat and cloak for those of Jean, goes to Mariana's window and softly sings *Mou Cocur a Toi*. After a moment, her door opens and Mariana comes down to him with extended hands. Manuel hastily wraps her cloak around her and leads her down the garden path. Exeunt Manuel and Mariana. Then from the distance, comes a cry of fear and horror*)

MAR. (*without*) Jean! Jean! (*Jean starts up at the cry, but falls dazed and helpless, back into a troubled sleep. A short silence; then a sudden alarm sounds. Lights flash. A cry behind the scenes: "The prisoners have escaped!" and a group of soldiers, led by Colonel Tolosa, rushes on the scene.*)

PED. Who is on watch?

DELL. Captain Durand. He relieved me half an hour ago. (*they see Jean asleep; Pedro goes up to him; picks up the bottle at his side and lets it fall to the ground. Jean raises his head; struggles to his feet.*)

PED. Captain Durand, you are drunk. You were sleeping at your post; you have allowed your prisoners to escape. What have you to say in your own defense?

JEAN. (*staggering semi-conscious to centre.*) Mariana . . .  
(*falls.*)

PED. (*looking him over coldly.*) Remove his sword and order a summons prepared for a court-martial.



CURTAIN.



ACT I.



## ACT I.



*SCENE I. Six years later. L'Hotel des Exiles; New Orleans. A large, dark-paneled, low-ceilinged room. Enter Leon Duval and Pedro.*

DUV. You resided in Spain until within the last few years, did you not?

PED. Yes; our family belonged to Ferdinand's Court, but when His Majesty was overthrown, our fortunes all suffering in the downfall, my uncle removed to New Orleans.

DUV. Where your own overthrow was completed by Cupid. To be frank with you, you are perfectly eligible to my daughter's hand;—I like you—but owing to her youth and the great wealth that will be hers, (she is my sole heir) I am constrained to caution. Personally, the weight of my authority will be in your favor, but in the meantime we must wait until you have money enough to raise you in worldly minds above the suspicion of fortune hunting.

- PED. For your frankness, even though it wound me, I thank you. My only protest arises from suspense lest in the interim Bella should prefer another; even that she may prefer another now.
- DUV. I have never had any trouble with women, no matter who the woman. All that is necessary is to coax them in the proper way, so as to make them think they are yielding through grace and not necessity.
- PED. A rare art.
- DUV. An easy one. I pledge you my word that Bella will wed as I dictate. (*enter several legislators and politicians.*)
- 1st POL. It is plain to see that the British have designs on this city.
- 1st LEG. They won't amount to anything. (*enter Beluche.*)
- DUV. They will amount to ruin, unless Lafitte be checked in time.
- 2nd POL. Confound it all, he must be.
- DUV. He is not only a terror to the State, a growing paralysis upon its commerce, but a menace to the entire country; uncatchable, unrestrainable.
- PED. The country's trade with Spain has been well nigh ruined.
- 1st LEG. Yes and her neutrality laws put at naught.
- DUV. Worse still; the entire respectability of the State is being debauched underhandedly into complicity with this Emperor of Barataria under penalty of being ruined.
- 2nd LEG. The Governor must be urged to act.
- 1st POL. He cannot remain unheedful of the petition we will send him.
- DUV. To business! (*exeunt.*)
- BEL. Ha! ha! Petition away, my gallants! The man who from public disgrace has been able to build himself into a power, a whole country fears because it cannot subdue, need have no apprehension arising from petitions. Jean Durand of the French army was a very different man from Jean Lafitte, Emperor of Barataria. "If he should ever have cause to hate the Spanish!" he promised me. The cause must have been grievous—a woman, of course—the cause is always a woman, though Jean has said nothing to me about it. However, she has made him a good hater. For that much I am beholden to her.—But I must see Lafitte about the Creole. I have sus-

picious about that ship. He has been away so many months, the men are becoming unruly. I had thought to find him here looking up old Darblee about his *protege*, Dominique. (*enter Baptiste.*) Has Master Dominique returned, Baptiste?

BAP. No sah, not jess 'zactly. I 'ze lookin' into dis week fo' 'im.

BEL. Still got that little habit of looking into things?

BAP. Yes sah, an' dat minds me. Does you know, marsers, if dem bloodhounds bite hard?

BEL. Pretty hard.

BAP. Is dey any chance fo' a man to git 'way fum em?

BEL. They have been known to swim a stream and find the scent on the other side. Don't be foolhardy, Baptiste.

BAP. Who me? I ain't got no idee o' runnin' 'way. Naw, sah. I jess want to fin' out fo' a fren o' mine.

BEL. Isn't Mr Darblee a kind master?

BAP. Dey ain no better. Ef dat daid man dint hanker roun' 'ere so continuous —

BEL. What man?

BAP. Yo see dat mask over de door? Dat man's sperrit dogs me all de time; — won't even let anything stay whar I puts it. Dis very mornin', I had done put marsers Darblee's slippers in de sun to air an' wen I went to look fo' 'em dey uz done gone. (*wipes his forehead.*)

BEL. A thief, perhaps.

BAP. Naw sah. Dey ain no body kin git in de co't widout me see-in' 'em.

BEL. Mr. Darblee may not ask for the slippers. (*exeunt; enter Darblee and Dominique.*)

DOM. And here is the old home again!

DAR. And the old uncle to give you welcome.

DOM. Spain is a pretty far way off, eh uncle?

DAR. But with Lafitte!—You know, Dominique, I have served Lafitte for years and yet have never seen him.

DOM. You have no idea the wonderful man he is!

DAR. Yes?

DOM. Oh, a man to admire, copy, love; a man to spend your life with, if it were not for Bella. How is Bella? Have you seen her? Is she well? — (*notices a bulge in Darblee's pockets.*) What

on earth have you in your pockets?

DAR. (*pulling out a pair of slippers.*) I bought them for you and wore them once to see if they were comfortable. This morning I found them in the broiling sun, put there to air by Baptiste. Fortunately I was in time to save the coloring.

DOM. Baptiste would seem to have opinions of your feet. Thank you, uncle. They are beautiful.

DAR. Have you had any *ecrevisse* gumbo since you left home?

DOM. No indeed; nothing so good. (*he puts the slippers on a chair and walks to the right of mask door to take a look at the old place.*)

DAR. I wonder whether Baptiste has ordered those *ecrevisses*? (*exit L; enter Baptiste dusting Darblee's hat; he sees the slippers; puts the hat down and takes the slippers up.*) Baptiste.

BAP. Lordy! I done forgot 'bout dem *ecrevisses*!

DAR. (*without.*) Baptiste!

BAP. Yes sah. (*Dominique re-enters just as Baptiste hides the slippers in some out of the way place; Baptiste exits.*)

DOM. It seems safest to follow uncle's example if I would have my slippers. (*puts them in his pockets; deep sailor pockets, that make no bulges; enter Darblee.*)

DAR. Tell me about that shipwreck.

DOM. It was purely imaginary.

DAR. What!

DOM. I dared not say I had not been shipwrecked when Lizbette said I had. Bella would have had no further faith in me.

DAR. Nonsense.

DOM. Of course.

DAR. You don't mean—

DOM. Yes I do—every time I think of the day I chanced to speak of that old voo-doo to Bella.—How about Baptiste? Is he still as much troubled by ghosts as ever?

DAR. I suppose so. He's flightier than ever. (*enter Bella.*)

DOM. (*catching both her hands.*) At last!

BELLA. I received your note just in time. (*exit Darblee.*) I told father I wished to go to confession, so he accompanied me to the Church. I must get back before he returns. And oh, what do you think?

DOM. I love you.

BELLA. A most delightful thing has happened.

DOM. You love me.

BELLA. Be serious. Our love seems more hopeless than ever.

DOM. What!

BELLA. I said seems. There is a suitor for my hand whom father insists that I shall marry and father himself is more inveterate than ever against the men he calls pirates.

DOM. But you?

BELLA. Oh, I am glad that the suitor has come because otherwise I would never have been easy in my mind. I would always have been expecting trouble.

DOM. Bella,—

BELLA. Lizbette *said* there would be an obstacle more serious than all the others—even than the shipwreck.

DOM. Lizbette be—

BELLA. Dominique!

DOM. But I protest—

BELLA. Now listen. Didn't you yourself tell me about Lizbette's wonderful prediction long ago?

DOM. A coincidence.

BELLA. (*reprovingly.*) Ah!

DOM. And I furthermore declare that I never was shipwrecked.

BELLA. (*claps her hands.*) Ha, ha! Lizbette *said* you would tell stories and get others to tell stories in order to shake my faith in her!

DOM. What is this suitor's name?

BELLA. I can't tell you.

DOM. I shall see your father.

BELLA. I won't have it. Why, father might kill you, he is so wrought up over the doings of the pirates.

DOM. Bah!—That's a singular locket you have on.

BELLA. Yes, isn't it? A serpent's head.

DOM. (*examining it.*) Containing the miniature of a young man. This is the reason of your quiescence. Will you let me have this locket?

BELLA. No, I will not.

DOM. And you will not tell me your suitor's name. Very well.

I swear to you that I will find the man whose picture you wear.

BELLA. (*laughs.*) You cannot. You can only trust me.

DOM. I never thought you cruel before. (*turns from her.*)

BELLA. I am not. (*Dominique keeps away.*) Dominique — Nick —

DOM. (*coming to her.*) Bella — (*enter Darblee.*)

DAR. I have just discovered that Mr. Duval is in the next room. (*exit.*)

BELLA. I must go.

DOM. I will accompany you.

BELLA. No, you mustn't.

DOM. I may at least follow you with my eyes till you enter the Church. (*exeunt; enter Baptiste; he goes to the place in which he had stowed his slippers; looks; finds them gone; exit quickly and apprehensively; enter Dominique.*) I have never seen my prospective father-in-law, so I'll try to get a glimpse of him. (*listens to some one approaching*) Baptiste,— "hanted," as usual, I'll bet. (*he take; up Darblee's hat, puts it on the mask head and goes himself into the niche; Baptiste enters.*)

BAP. I *MUS'* a made a mistake 'bout dem slippers. (*goes to places; looks; falls more and more into bewilderment and consternation.*)

DAR. (*calling without.*) Baptiste.

BAP. Yes sah.

DAR. Bring me my hat.

BAP. Yes sah. (*turns to get the hat; gone! his hand goes to his forehead.*)

DAR. (*angrily.*) Baptiste!

BAP. Yes sah. (*begins a nervous, fumbling search.*)

DOM. (*behind the mask, in a hollow voice.*) Baptiste — (*Baptiste looks up and as he does so, the hat flies out to him; he yells and exits running; enter Darblee, angry, just as Dominique comes forth laughing.*)

DAR. Where is he?

DOM. Don't be angry, uncle. It's my fault that he didn't obey you. You haven't any time for anger any way. Isn't Bella pretty?

DAR. Very. Tell me about Lafitte.

DOM. Eyes like stormy skies. A word, a question, and all along the cloud of eye-lashes, a lightning flash of challenge!

DAR. So intolerant?

DOM. So right.



DAR. But still —

DOM. She has a right to resent suspicion.

DAR. She! I speak of Lafitte.

DOM. Your pardon. I spoke of Bella.

DAR. (*coaxingly.*) Lafitte —

DOM. (*lapsing into seriousness.*) I'll tell you an impression I received more clearly than ever during this last voyage. I think Lafitte is looking for somebody — that he has some implacable purpose — and that when he finds the person or persons he seeks, there will be a relentless day of reckoning for all.

DAR. You think so?

DOM. (*nods his head.*) All along the coasts of Spain and France he would take his dog and be gone for days together.

DAR. But that —

DOM. May mean nothing. I think differently. (*looking at his watch.*) Heavens! I shall not be able to see my future father-in-law to-day. I must rejoin my ship.

DAR. You will be back to dinner?

DOM. Yes. *Au revoir.* (*exeunt; Bella enters just as Duval, Pedro and the others enter.*)

DUV. (*in high feather.*) Well, that's done!

1st LEG. And well done. The petition cannot fail to carry weight.

DUV. Five hundred dollars reward for Lafitte's head should bring about results.

BELLA. (*advancing timidly.*) It is blood money.

DUV. What of it?

BELLA. Pirates are men.

PED. (*smilingly and yet on the alert.*) Does Miss Bella know any of them?

DUV. (*angrily, to Bella.*) I will tell you this much: that if ever the nosing Britishers get into New Orleans, it will be by the aid of the pirates. This is no time to compromise with banditti.

PED, (*indulgently, protectingly and probingly.*) Miss Bella spoke in ignorance. She can have no sympathy for pirates. (*Duval and others discuss in pantomime at back.*)

BELLA. (*impulsively.*) She can have —

PED. (*in Bella's pause; watchfully.*) A lover. (*bows.*)

BELLA. (*recovering herself; trivially.*) A lover! I promised myself many before I left school. Have you ever been in love,

Mr. d'Acosta?

PED. Cruel one!

BELLA. Have you any woman relative whom you remember and love?

PED. Yes. I have an only sister whom I love and who is very devoted to me?

BELLA. Here?

PED. Yes: but immediately upon the arrival of our family here, she entered a convent and is now on the point of taking the veil.

BELLA. Oh, why?

PED. An obstacle in love.

BELLA. Did you try to help her?

PED. I did all I could towards forwarding her marriage.

BELLA. I'd like to know her.

PED. I fear you cannot. She will only see her uncle and myself.

BELLA. Poor girl!—Father is going. (*exeunt; enter Manuel.*)

MAN. (*looking after Pedro angrily.*) Confound it! Unconcerned about me now altogether,—has richer prospects in view.—I knew she wouldn't get tired of it. Instead she's going to take the veil. Curse me for a fool! Fortune played in my hands directly six years ago and I was soft-hearted and squeamish enough to be melted by a pair of pleading eyes and a half promise of yes, if Ferdinand should succeed. (*rings bell.*) I'll have the Marquis, at all events, safely out of the way. (*enter Darblee.*)

DAR. Good morning, Don Manuel.

MAN. Good morning. I wish to engage a room for a business meeting between Lafitte and the Spanish merchants.

DAR. (*eagerly; curiously.*) You know?—

MAN. (*sternly.*) To-day, at two o'clock.

DAR. (*relapsing into business.*) The best?

MAN. Certainly.

DAR. It shall be ready. (*exit.*)

MAN. The Spanish merchants lost no time in instructing me to engage a room when they received word that Lafitte would see them at last, and listen to their plea for compromise. It doesn't matter that I sent the message. And the Marquis,

who isn't a merchant, is as excited as any of them, because of his friends. He'll attend the meeting, no fear, and I shall have put that much more time between him and any message from the convent. —Confound it all, why doesn't that fellow come? [*enter a stranger.*] Ah, I was just beginning to think you late.

STRAN. I could only get this. [*showing a rusty priest's robe.*]

MAN. So much the better. You'll look more genuine in rusty clothes. A priest should be economical. Now you understand that you are to ask for Miss d'Acosta; that you are sent to bring her to the bed-side of her dying uncle.

STRAN. I understand all.

MAN. Once out of the convent, you will drive to the little green cottage immediately above the city, near the Jesuit plantation, where I will meet you.

STRAN. Very well.

MAN. Be about *it* now. [*exunt severally; almost immediately, re-enter Stranger.*]

STRAN. It's very well and good to say be about it, but I need a few drinks to brace me up. [*rings bell; enter Darblee.*]

DAR. Good-morning.

STRAN. Let me have a good drink of whiskey. [*Darblee pours out a drink; Stranger drains it; experiments with his spine to see if he's braced; looks gloomy.*] Let me have a good drink of whiskey.

DAR. You've just had one.

STRAN. Let me have a good drink of whiskey.

DAR. When you've paid for the first.

STRAN. Paid! Don Manuel d'Acosta authorizes my demand. [*Darblee shakes his head.*] What's more, I'm a priest.—Don't you believe me? [*enter two roysterers.*] Gentlemen! Gentlemen! Here's a state of affairs. I call upon you to compel this *bourgeois* to respect the credit of gentlemen,—to serve us drinks and as many as we want!

1st ROY. Drinks!

2nd ROY. Come, host. Drinks!

DAR. I do not dispense them for the pleasure of beholding inebriates.

1st ROY. What!

2nd ROY. Inebriates!

STRAN. Down with him! [*they set upon Darblee and throw him.*]

1st ROY. We'll show you who's an inebriate. Hold him! [*1st Roysterer seizes a bottle; Stranger and 2nd Roysterer fasten themselves on 'Darblee's arms; 1st Roysterer puts bottle to Darblee's face.*]

DAR. By heaven, he'll punch my eye out!

1st ROY. [*wavering in drunkenness.*] It's what I think myself. I can't find his damned mouth!

STRAN. Unstop the bottle! [*1st Roysterer unstops the bottle; pours contents into 'Darblee's face, aiming all the time for his mouth. 'Darblee kicks, sputters and squirms.*]

DAR. Help! [*enter Lafitte; he knocks the Stranger aside scatters the Roysterers and laughingly picks up 'Darblee-*]

LAF. [*laughing.*] What is it? A secret society function?

DAR. High noon robbery and assault. That's what it is; — a demand for drinks without pay. [*wipes his face*]

2nd ROY. [*to Lafitte*] Who are you?

STRAN. You think because you take us unaware —

LAF. How about now? [*draws; exeunt Roysterers.*]

DAR. [*pointing to Stranger and laying a cautious hand on Lafitte's aim.*] He's a priest.

LAF. Then he should be attending to his business rather than brawling about drinks. *Stranger turns off swaggeringly and exits, singing Mon Coeur a Toi; Lafitte starts; turns to 'Darblee.* A priest, did you say? — Then he'd some excuse for wanting drinks. He has no love to keep his heart warm, no hate to make it hot. I'll pay for the drinks. [*goes to door; calls*] Friend! [*signs to Stranger to return; enter Stranger.*] It is a chilly day. Will you have a drink with us? (*Stranger bows awkwardly.*) Come host, your best. [*laying money on table.*] Is it long since you joined the priesthood? [*they drink.*]

STRAN. [*nervously; gloomily.*] Not very. [*holding out his glass.*] Let me have a good drink of whiskey. [*Lafitte lays money on table; Darblee pours out a drink.*]

LAF. Have you far to go to-day?

STRAN. [*tipsily*] To the little green cottage immediately above the city. Let me have a good drink of whiskey, [*Lafitte lays money on table; 'Darblee pours out drink and exits.*] I must be going

LAF. Do you walk?

STRAN. No, sir! Drive. Come (*hic*) with me?

LAF. (*laughing*) To the little green cottage?

STRAN. Near the Jesuit plantation. I (*hic*) remember.

LAF. I congratulate you. Good luck.

STRAN. (*going*.) To the little green Jesuit (*hic*) immediately above the plantation city. (*exit; enter Darblee*.)

DAR. (*bustling about*.) Deplorable that I have such scant time in which to prepare. (*confidentially and gleefully*.) A great man is to be here in a little while—Jean Lafitte!

LAF. You don't mean it!

DAR. I do and I can show you no greater appreciation of the service you rendered me than to ask you to stay and catch a glimpse of him.

LAF. Thanks.

DAR. I'll wager you any money that the attacks on American vessels will cease now.

LAF. Why?

DAR. Because Lafitte has come home; because none of them is brave enough to cope against him; no, nor all of them put together.

LAF. *You* are a follower of Lafitte?

DAR. (*startled into consciousness*.) I? You little know me. Powerful as Lafitte is and great and flattering as have been the advances he has made to me, I yet withstand him, humble though I seem.

LAF. Splendid!

DAR. And here are these royal Spanish merchants. For years they have been striving to at least compromise with him, and now to-day, mad with delight because they have at last received word from him that he will see them!

LAF. (*starts*.) Has he sent them that word?

DAR. Don Manuel d'Acosta has just a while ago engaged a room for the meeting.

LAF. Don Manuel d'Acosta! (*aside*) And I looking for them in Spain!

DAR. (*anxiously*.) You don't think Lafitte will disappoint them?

LAF. (*grimly*.) No. I don't think Lafitte will disappoint them. When do they expect him?

DAR. To-day at two o'clock. Don Manuel—

LAF. Do you know whether the Marquis d'Acosta live in New Orleans?

DAR. Yes, he does. A beautiful niece of his —

DAF. Ah!

DAR. Came here with him once long ago.

LAF. Here?

DAR. Right here, in this room.

LAF. Do you know where the Marquis lives?

DAR. (*reflectively.*) No—I don't know the number.

LAF. Do you know the street?

DAR. (*more reflectively.*) No, I don't, but I believe it must be somewhere in the Latin quarter.

LAF. Thanks. Good-by. (*exit,*)

DAR. A singular man, but not sharp enough to catch me napping. (*enter several Spanish merchants.*)

1st MER. It is long before the hour. (*looks at his watch.*)

2nd MER. What of it? There are many things to discuss, (*enter Marquis d'Acosta and several merchants.*)

MARQ. What, here already!

3d MER. Your watch is slow.

MARQ. (*he and all look at their watches.*) Half past one.

2nd MER. Twenty-five to two.

1st MER. We Spanish merchants have been so particularly warred upon that I had despaired of our ever getting at this man.

3d MER. My dear fellow, never despair. Show us the way, Darblee. (*exeunt; led by Darbiee; enter Mariana and several nuns.*)

MOTHER AUGUSTUS. Is this the place?

MAR. Yes. (*Mother Augustus motions to a man who rings the bell.*)

M. AUG. (*to Mariana.*) You should give up that silver ring, Mariana, which seems to be so associated with worldly souvenirs.

MAR. This ring! Never. Is it an amulet. At sight of it all faith is imperative, all beauty understood, all dependency a sin. (*aside.*) What is death? He loves me still. (*enter Baptiste.*)

M. AUG. Is the Marquis d'Acosta here?

BAP. Yes ma'am.

M. AUG. Say to him that Miss d'Acosta is here and wishes to see him.



him.

BAP. Yes ma'am. (*bows and exit.*)

MAR. (*to 1st Nun.*) Will the preliminary of my taking the veil be at all binding?

1st NUN. No.

MAR. (*earnestly and candidly.*) I wish to remain with you, but my heart is not and can never be indifferent to the joys and hopes that made life dearest.

1st NUN. It need not be.

M. AUG. She should strive to make it so.

1st NUN. She is going to France, mother, where her young girlhood was spent. (*Mother Augustus turns away.*)

2d NUN. What a singular mask over that door!

MAR. I know all about that mask. I can't explain the uncontrollable impulse that made me beg to know all about it and its hiding-place. Mr. Darblee finally, out of sheer courtesy, told me the secret, though up to that time no one but he and a nephew of his knew that there was a hiding-place connected with the mask at all,

1st NUN. How is it?

MAR. It seems very simple. The door beneath the mask is a sham one, the floor in the passage-way is high enough to permit one to look through the mask standing and a touch on a certain part of it opens a secret slide in the wall; an otherwise undiscoverable, impregnable hiding-place. It's delightfully tricky! See. (*she goes laughingly by a side door to the back of a door beneath the mask and looks through it.*)

M. AUG. Mariana! Come down. (*enter Mariana*) You should be ashamed of yourself to be such a child.

MAR. I can tell you the story of the mask. It is the mask of a dead pirate's head. He was killed long ago for some atrocity or other and his mask placed in this room by the Governor's order as a warning to the pirates who were in the habit of congregating in this place. The superstition obtained that when any of the pirates are in danger the spirit of the murdered man sends some human ear into his mask to baffle the plotters.

3d NUN. Is that believed now?

MAR. Yes, by many. A generation or two ago, however, the house passed into the hands of Mr. Darblee's father, who of course, made it orderly and respectable. He had an addition built and being possessed by love of the mysterious and unexpected, had the secret slide put in the wall.

2d NUN. It sounds like some of the stories about Lafitte?

MAR. (*shuddering.*) Ah, not that name! I have a dread of that man.

1st NUN. They say that he is terrible, but that he has always the honor of his word.

MAR. (*with sweeping contempt.*) The honor of his word! A thief honorable! A leader in lawlessness, cruelty, shamelessness!

3d NUN. I hope we may be spared.

2d NUN. Oh, the pirates! There are no safeguards against the dangers that beset an ocean voyage.

M. AUG. There is one safeguard all sufficient,—the Almighty. (*enter Marquis.*)

MARQ. Mariana,— your pardon, ladies, for having kept you waiting, but the occasion admitted of no neglect.

M. AUG. We have just come from your house where they told us you were here. We have been notified that our ship sails almost immediately Mariana will barely have time to take the veil.

MARQ. As trustee of her fortune, I have decided to see it safely with her in France,— the two chests; one of gold and one of jewels.

MAR. Oh, thank you, uncle for coming with us! Is Pedro here?

MARQ. No, he is not.

MAR. I so wished to tell him good-by. (*enter Manuel, baffled, enraged, desperate.*)

MAN. Mariana!

MAR. Mother Augustus, my cousin, Don d'Acosta. (*Manuel bows.*)

MAN. How happens it that you are leaving so soon?

MAR. That the Captain knows better than I do.

MAN. There has been no sudden good wind that he should thus hasten the time for sailing by twenty-four hours. (*breaking from his angry sense of defeat into wild pleading.*) And you? . . . Don't go Mariana. Is there nothing I can say?



MAR. Yes. Tell me about Pedro.

MAN. I have no time for Pedro.—for anyone but yourself and myself. *(enter Pedro.)*

MAR. There he is now! Pedro. *(goes to him.)*

PED. *(suave; affectionate; regretful)* Well,—is it good-by?

MAR. You'll come to see me sometime.

PED. When I acquire means enough to travel on.

MAR. Oh, I wish—

M. AUG. We must be leaving.

MAR. Come to the Church, Pedro,—just across the way—and see me take the veil.

PED. I'll be there. *Au revoir. (the Marquis, the nuns and Mariana exeunt; Pedro looks at Manuel who has sunk desperately into a chair goes up to him and slaps him on the back.)*  
Brace up, old man!

MAN. *(intolerably; shaking Pedro's hand off.)* Ah!

PED. If you were not so huffy, I'd tell you a secret.

MAN. You are married, I suppose.

PED. Far from it.—and cannot be without your services.

MAN. Tell me the secret..

PED. I have a plan by which I can get command of a pirate ship at a moment's notice. There is one now, the Creole, lying at anchor, ready to sail at a word of command. *(they look at each other, then Pedro offers his hand; Manuel takes it.)*

MAN. *(rings bell.)* I'll join you immediately. *(exit Pedro; enter Darblee.)* Has Lafitte come yet?

DAR. He has not.

MAN. I'll be back in a moment.

DAR. Very well. *(exeunt severally; enter Lafitte.)*

LAF. No trace of the house. *(re-enter Darblee.)* Is Don Manuel d'Acosta here?

DAR. He has gone, but he will be back immediately. *(music heard; Lafitte walks about.)*

LAF. What is that music?

DAR. Some ceremony in the Church, I suppose. *(Lafitte walks to window as a little band of black-robed nuns file out silently from the Church; they disappear and music ceases.)*

- LAF. I am going into the smoking-room. Notify me so soon as Don Manuel returns.
- DAR. Very well. (*exeunt; enter Baptiste, followed by Lizbette.*)
- BAP. (*pointing to the mask.*) Dar tis. Cyarnt yo conjure de sperrit o' dat daid man 'let me 'lone? I cyarn warn no pirates. I dunno wat t'warn 'em 'bout. En ef I did, who dat gwine b'lieve a old nigger like me anyway?
- LIZ. (*contemptuously.*) Yo skeert. Yo know sperrits need 'sistance z'well ez people.
- BAP. Lordy!
- LIZ. Ee's in de bricks dar, bodaciously confined, en das wy ee callin'. Ee's cole; likely got de ague.
- BAP. Lordy!
- LIZ. Might be a little hot red pepper tea ud ease 'im immejite.
- BAP. But I cyarn get a cup o tea troo dat dar solid brick on iron. Dey ain no place dar whar ee *could* be.
- LIZ. (*stolidly*) Dey's a place. Gimme a long straw. (*Baptiste gets one from a broom; Lizbette makes passes over the wall with her eyes shut and her body swaying; finally in sliding her hand over the wall. stops with her finger on a spot; opens her eyes and inserts the straw.*) Yo see dat? (*throwing the straw.*) Am it broke? (*pulls out the straw unbroken.*)
- BAP. Lordy!
- LIZ. Tell *me* dey ain no place dar.
- BAP. But cyarn get a cup o tea troo dat pin-point of a hole.
- LIZ. Yo cyarn *inject* it troo dar, cyarn yo?
- BAP. Lordy!
- LIZ. Ee kin catch it. (*she puts her eye to the hole; sways her arms*) Yes sah . . . I'ze gwine leave yo in good charge . . . (*sways more and more.*) Yes sah . . . Ee's 'ere . . . (*almost collapsing.*) Comin', sah! (*straightens herself.*) Git dar, Baptiste.
- BAP. (*horror stricken.*) Who me?
- LIZ. Ee wants yo.
- BAP. Lordy!
- LIZ. (*contemptuously.*) Ah! *bolstering him up.* Put yo eye to dat hole.
- BAP. Stay by me.
- LIZ. Go 'head. (*Baptiste puts his eye to the hole.*)
- BAP. I doan see nuttin.

- LIZ. Yo better look out!
- DAR. (*without.*) Baptiste.
- LIZ. What I tell yo! (*Baptiste struggles to get away; Lizbette holds him tightly.*)  
Keep firm, man! (*enter Darblee.*)
- DAR. Baptiste! (*Baptiste falls to the floor.*) Lizbette! I won't have you turning that crazy man of mine crazier. Get out, both of you! *exunt Lizbette and Baptiste; enter Lafitte.* I'm afraid you may be disappointed in seeing Lafitte. (*looking at his watch.*) He's late.
- LAF. And Don Manuel?
- DAR. Has not yet returned.—I suppose Lafitte will be here though. I never could understand that long absence of his. It must have due to a love affair.
- LAF. You'd better keep a quiet tongue. Lafitte is not a man to endure prying into his private affairs.
- DAR. (*laughs.*) One would think I need instructions. (*enter Baptiste.*)
- LAF. Do you know Lafitte?
- DAR. Intimately. Many a time he has begged me to go with him. "Darblee," he would, "I need you."
- LAF. You would make my dog blush.
- DAR. Many a time, in this very room, with tears in his eyes, he has upbraided me for my obduracy.
- BAP. Dat ee have, sah!
- DAR. I am not afraid of Lafitte. I will tell him to his face that he can't overawe me.
- BAP. 'Deed ee cyarnt. Pesky what trash! (*enter Beluche.*)
- BEL. Lafitte—
- DAR. (*In consternation.*) What!
- BAP. (*staggered.*) Lordy!
- BEL. I have a suspicion that the Creole is going to attack the American vessel which sailed a little while ago.
- LAF. Where is the Creole?
- BEL. She's just cleared the wharf. (*Darblee ostentatiously brings a chair up behind Lafitte.*)
- LAF. (*looking at his watch.*) How much start have they on us?
- BEL. Enough to count very seriously. There is a storm coming, too. The wind will shift in less than three hours. (*Baptiste is*

*bringing a chair for Beluche when Darblee intercepts him, takes the chair from him kicks him.)*

- DAR. Get out! (*looking after him angrily.*) Son of Satan! (*exit Baptiste; Darblee ostentatiously brings chair up behind Beluche.*)
- LAF. There is no time to lose. Come.
- BEL. It is a question whether the chances justify pursuit.
- LAF. What!
- BEL. The Pride is at Barataria.
- LAF. What of it? Is not an American vessel in danger? Shall I not accept a challenge from my own men? (*exit: followed by Beluche.*)
- DAR. (*center.*) Whew! *falls into chair; enter Baptiste.*) Let me have a good drink of whisky!



## CURTAIN.

*SCENE II. Saloon of the American vessel. Laughter at rise of curtain. Mariana, Mother Augustus, the nuns, Father Poularde, lady and gentlemen passengers, discovered.*

- 1st L. P. (*to a man passenger; laughing.*) You said you never were sea-sick.
- FATH. P. [*a short, rubicund priest.*] He is not now. Sea-sickness is all imagination. I have never been sea-sick.
- 1st M. P. [*sea-sick.*] You never sailed such a deadly level sea.
- 1st L. P. That's the delightful part of it.
- 1st M. P. Ugh! [*enter Marquis.*]
- MARQ. They say there's a storm coming.
- FATH. P. [*laughing to sea-sick passenger.*] Now you'll be all right.
- 2d L. P. Oh, I *am* afraid of storms!
- FATH. P. You should have no patience with fear.
- 2d L. P. [*whimsically*] I haven't.
- FATH. P. God is all powerful, He will provide.
- MAR. How dark it's getting! [*faint thunder.*]
- M. AUG. [*to Mariana and nuns.*] Will you come? [*exeunt Mariana, Mother Augustus and nuns.*]

3d L. P. Ugh! Feel those swells!

1st L. P. Don't! [*lightning.*]

FATH. P. What do you mean? *Feel* those swells!

1st M. P, Ugh! [*exit; lightning and thunder.*]

1st L. P. Oh,— [*starts toward door*]

3d L. P. Where are you going, dear?

1st L. P. To— get my book.

3d L. P. I'll go with you. [*exeunt 1st and 3d lady passengers; lightning and thunder.*]

2d M. P. [*to Father Poularde who is leaving.*]

FATH. P. I'll be back in a moment. [*exit.*]

2d L. P. Oh' if I were only like Father Poularde!—fearless and never sea-sick! I—

2nd M. P. Allow me to assist you. (*exeunt; terrible thunder and lightning; enter Father Poularde; he peeps around to see if anybody is in sight; has a good many qualms; enter the Captain.*)

FATH. P. Captain, are we in any danger?

CAPT. Not in the least. It's only a cross sea. [*thunder and lightning.*]

FATH. P. But—

CAPT. [*Taking Father Poularde up to a hatchway leading below.*] Put your ear here. [*Father Poularde puts his ear to the hatchway.*] What do you hear?

FATH. P. Nothing— but swearing.

CAPT. Just so. Those men are old sailors. Would they be swearing if there were any danger?

FATH. P. [*grasping Captain's hand.*] Thank you. [*exeunt; enter two ship's officers, meeting each other.*]

1st OFF. Have you noticed that craft off to Westward?

2nd OFF. No. What of her?

1st OFF. Come and see. *exeunt; thunder and lightning; enter Father Poularde, very unsteady on his legs and very sick; he looks around cautiously; creeps up to the hatchway and listens intently; then falls back relieved.*

FATH. P. Thank God, they're swearing yet. [*enter Captain and officers.*]

1st OFF. She's simply lying by.

2d OFF. Not in distress,— she doesn't signal.

CAPT. A pirate, waiting till the blow is over. [*exit Father Poularde expeditiously and horrifiedly.*]

1st OFF. Shall the passengers be warned?

CAPT. Not until our suspicions are confirmed. [*enter wildly and excitedly the passengers.*]

1st L. P. Is there a pirate ship coming?

2d L. P. Can it catch us?

3d L. P. [*hysterically*] Let's get the life preservers!

CAPT. Be quiet, ladies. [*exeunt Captain and 2d Officer.*]

MARQ. [*determinedly, to 1st Officer.*] What can we do?

FATH. P. [*hysterically.*] Put on more sail!

1st OFF. We are using all we dare now. [*exit.*]

1st NUN. I knew we wouldn't be spared.

MAR. [*in awe.*] Oh hush, sister.

M. AUG. We are in God's hands. [*noises and excited voices heard without.*]

FATH. P. What's that? [*enter 2d Officer.*]

2d OFF. Prepare yourselves. They are here. [*Marquis goes to Mariana; leads her away; exeunt nuns and lady passengers; the men draw their swords and exeunt to the defense, except father Poularde, who follows the ladies; fighting; the clash of swords heard without; enter Pedro, forcing his way in in a hand fight; he has blood on his face, which has trickled down from a cut on his head; he is followed by Manuel and the Creole's crew; exit Manuel in search of Mariana.*]

PED. [*after felling the Captain.*] Mate.

MATE. Ay, ay, sir.

PED. See that two chests, one of gold and one of jewels, marked "d'Acosta" be placed on board the Creole.

MATE. Ay, ay, sir.

PED. They go to New Orleans. The balance of the booty will be long to the crew of the Creole.

MATE. To the crew of the Creole.

PED. Who are to take her to Baratavia immediately after the landing in New Orleans.

MATE. Ay, ay, sir.

CAPT. [*rising.*] Not while I have life left to defend the property entrusted to my care! [*gives Pedro a sword thrust.*]

PED. [*knocks the sword from the Captain's hand and kills him.*] I'll send you where you won't need property, curse you! [*to the men.*] Scuttle this ship. [*he bandages his arm.*] And put troublesome passengers out of the way.—Now, I'll look up those chests. [*exit; enter Manuel pursuing a nun.*]



MAN. Ah, lift your veil. [*tries to raise a corner of it.*] I love you. Do you not realize that your youth, your beauty—

M. AUG. [*suddenly tearing aside her veil.*] Sir! [*Manuel reels; recovers himself and rushes away; Mother Augustus veils herself and exits; enter Mariana veiled leaning upon the Marquis.*]

MARQ. Have courage, Mariana. [*enter pirates.*]

1st PIR. [*perceiving Mariana.*] Ah,—won't you give me that little silver ring, lady?—as a souvenir.

MAR. [*covering the ring with her other hand.*] Not that.

1st PIR. [*laughs.*] Even nuns, it seems, have their little bits of sentiment.

MAR. I will give you this jeweled cross.

1st PIR. Will you put it on my neck? [*he bends his head and Mariana with trembling hands is about to put the chain around his neck when a tipsy fellow, with a glass in his hand, interferes.*]

2d PIR. [*pushing first pirate aside.*] Let's have impartiality. If I cannot have a jewel, I may have a look at her face. I'll bet you it's a pretty face. If I win, I get a kiss; if you win, you get my share of the booty.

PIRATES. Done.

MARQ. Gentlemen! I beseech you.

2d PIR. Oh, have done.

MARQ. You have heard of religion,—chivalry—

2d PIR. Throw the old clam overboard.

MARQ. You will find that he can still fight. [*drawing.*]

1st PIR. What!

3d PIR. Give him a bath! [*they overpower the Marquis and take him up to exit with him.*]

MAR. Uncle!—Oh, sirs, be merciful!

2d PIR. Troublesome passengers must be put out of the way. [*ex-eunt with Marquis; enter Manuel.*]

MAR. [*distractedly.*] Manuel! Uncle!—he has been thrown into sea!—save him!

MAN. We will hope that he can swim to safety, dear.

MAR. [*stupified.*] What!

MAN. I dare not interfere. I discovered that the pirates intended attacking the vessel and in order to save you, took a false oath and joined them. Any rebellion would cost me my life.

But life or no life, I will interfere in your behalf.

MAR. [*distractedly.*] Uncle,—

MAN. Listen to me, Mariana. Your uncle must take his chances. But you — You have no chance of death. You will be taken to Baratavia, there to become a drudge when your attractions as toy shall have palled. Let me try to save you. Marry me, I beseech you.

MAR. Why can you not save me without marrying me ?

MAN. [*doggedly.*] Because I have not the incentive; because I will not love you longer without reward.

MAR. I scorn your help. Any pirate would do as much.

MAN. Without marrying you.

MAR. I will appeal to them; they cannot be utterly heartless.

MAN. They seemed so about the Marquis. Ah, Mariana, listen to reason. Just now when you taunted me, I was angry. But I will tell you now why I cannot save you without marrying you. Because I have not the right to protect you from them; because now you belong as much to them as to me. [*enter several tipsy pirates.*]

1st PIR. I tell you that part of the booty belongs to me.

2d PIR. I don't care a straw about that. The booty I want is her money. [*excunt pirates.*]

MAN. You hear? Mariana, my darling, you have always been too honorable to choose dishonor now. I will wait for your love; have I not waited all these years? [*several pirates pass through singing and laughing boisterously.*]

1st PIR. [*perceiving Mariana,*] There she is! [*Mariana goes to Manuel as first pirate advances,*]

MAN. [*moving forward to meet him.*] She went that way just a minute ago. [*excunt pirates,*] Quick! [*to Mariana,*] Decide. [*Mariana bows her head in hopeless consent; Manuel seizes her hand; kisses it.*] My darling! [*turns to look for a priest just as Father Poularde appears trembling and white in the doorway.*] Father. [*Father Poularde enters.*] Marry us immediately.

FATH. P. [*looking fearfully around.*] You are—

MAN. One of the pirates. Make haste,



FATH. P. [*drops his book which he has taken out of his pocket; picks it up and opens it shakily; reads at random.*] Be merciful, O Lord, and hear our prayers. From the shades of death, where the light of Thy countenance shineth not—

MAN. (*knocking the book up.*) You must be excellent for funerals. The marriage service, if you please.

FATH. P. (*picking up his book.*) Yes, yes. (*enter several pirates.*)

1st PIR. (*to a pirate coming from the opposite direction.*) You'd better hurry.

2d PIR. There aren't many minutes in which to leave this ship. She's settling fast.

FATH. P. (*going.*) There is no time to lose.

MAN, (*threateningly.*) There will be less for you, if you do not perform this marriage ceremony.

FATH. P. [*fumbling for the place.*] Do you take this woman for better, for worse, till death do you part?

MAN. I do.

FATH. P. Do you take this man for better, for worse, till death do you part?

MAR. No.

MAN. What!

MAR. No. Come death, come dishonor, I will not be the first to dishonor myself.

MAN. [*seizing her shoulders in frenzy*] You shall be my mistress then!—do you hear?—my mistress! [*a great tumult without; enter an excited crowd.*]

CROWD. The Pride! Lafitte! [*Mariana puts out her hands to Father Poularde and falls fainting in his arms her veil as she does so, drifting over her face,*]

MAN. [*to Father Poularde.*] Give her to me. [*Father Poularde too terror-stricken to hear, puts Mariana hastily on the floor and exits; Manuel is stooping to lift her when Lafitte enters.*]  
Jean Durand! [*he slinks away.*]

LAF. Beluche.

BEL. Here.

LAF. See that the commander of the Creole be found, put in chains and brought on the Creole to Barataria, you to command her.

BEL. Very well. [*exit.*]

- LAF. (*to his men.*) Attend to the passengers. (*the men salute and exeunt; Lafitte sees the unconscious nun, goes to her and stoops to pick her up.*) She must have air. (*he puts her veil aside.*) Mariana! — (*kissing her hands.*) Not dead, thank God! Narbonne! [*to one of his men.*] Tell Doctor Borde to come here instantly. (*exit Narbonne.*) Sweetheart . . . *kissing her hands.*) little sweetheart . . . (*enter Dr. Borde; he comes to Mariana's side; kneels; feels her pulse; listens to her heart.*)
- DR. B. She must be kept perfectly quiet and, in the event of her regaining consciousness, it will be best for her to see no one but the nuns who were with her.
- LAF. Is she in danger?
- DR. B. Impossible to say. Shock. I will— (*stooping as if to lift Mariana.*)
- LAF. (*putting him aside.*) Order the best room in the Pride gotten ready immediately. [*exit Dr. Borde; Lafit gently lifts Mariana: kisses her face tenderly and is carrying her out when the curtain falls.*]

## CURTAIN.



ACT II.



## ACT II.



*Barataria; vicinity of Lafitte's home, the Red House; the Bay of Barataria at back; luxuriant foliage and flowers. Enter Lafitte; he has flowers in his hand and is followed by a dog.*

LAF. (*sorrowfully and perplexedly.*) Dressed as a nun . . .  
Mariana, dressed as a nun! . . . (*joyfully.*) But alive!  
(*looking at the flowers in his hand.*) Fairer than the fairest of  
you,—and alive! I shall see her maybe,—tell her all that she  
could not hear when I knelt beside her unconscious sweetness.  
(*exeunt Lafitte and dog; voices, good-naturedly boisterous, heard  
without.*)

1st V. How many yards?

2nd V. Two hundred, if one. (*cries of "Ah!" and laughter; enter  
a hunting party returning from the woods; two of the men carry  
a deer.*)

1st H. He would have us believe that he can shoot as well as the  
Emperor!

3d H. (*in good humored raillery.*) Oh, he can do everything,—  
sail a ship, too. But he didn't give himself the chance of be-  
ing caught on the Creole. (*laughter.*)

- 2d H. Anyone might think I had had intentions of going on the Creole to hear you talk.
- 3d H. My boy, no. You know the Emperor is precient; at least that his marvelous skill and intuition made him seem so.
- 2d H. I know that the Emperor is our man, long life to him!
- ALL. Bravo!
- 2d H. That he is as just as he is powerful and as kind-hearted as he is strong! (*enter Lizbette, sorting some herbs and singing in a moaning low voice.*)
- ALL. Bravo!
- 2d H. (*pointing to Lizbette.*) Who but the Emperor would allow a witch like that to roam the Island at liberty.
- ALL. Three cheers for the Emperor! (*exeunt hunters; Lizbette looks after them angrily.*)
- LIZ. Yo'ze sorry kase Marser Lafitte done change me fum a slave to a free ooman. Ne mine. I knows how to sarve 'im yit. I done fund out how to get p'mission to hep nuss dat purty young leddy,—to hep save her life. Good ting fe' me, Fader Cuthbert uz done gone, kase ee woon't a let me do it. (*enter Baptiste.*)
- BAP. Good-day to you, Aun' Lizbette,
- LIZ. How yo gettin' on?
- BAP. Mizzable, tank yo.
- LIZ. De sperrit?
- BAP. Ont leave anyting whar I puts it. (*pulls out a madras handkerchief to wipe his face, and in doing so drops money on the ground; Lizbette picks it up and appropriates it unperceived.*)
- LIZ. De powers done signify as how yo likely steal dem tings wat disappear.
- BAP. (*dumbfounded*) Who me?
- LIZ. (*nods her head impressively.*) Wat yo come fo'?
- BAP, (*daꝛedly.*) Lordy !—Miss Bella wan t'know wat to do in a case o jealousy?—supposin' like a lover's jealousy?
- LIZ. Nuttin'. Keep still. Things will come right troo a disguise.
- BAP. An' dis—(*takes out the serpent-head locket.*) I dunno who dat sen' it, but de owner wan t'know ef her lover gwine be true to her? (*Lizbette takes the locket.*) I done got some money here wat Miss Bella sont yo . . . , (*looks for the money; finds none; Lizbette shakes her head.*)

- LIZ. Wat use try to fool de powers?
- BAP. (*distracted.*) But Aun' Lizbette . . . (*Lizbette shakes her head.*) Lordy! I'll give you de las' cent I got, Aun' Lizbette—all de money I kin make so you woan gimme dat rep'tation. Dat sperrit jes sot on chasin' me to dem blood-houn's.
- LIZ. Wy ont yo try to hep dat sperrit? Ef yo could see 'im onst—
- BAP. I doan *wan* t'see 'im!
- LIZ. (*contemptuously.*) Yo skeert.
- BAP. Yo ain bin hanted.
- LIZ. Kase I ain skeertan' I'ze frenly to 'em. (*exeunt; enter Lafitte and his dog. Lafitte sits; lets his hand fall on his dog.*)
- LAF. Beppo, dear little friend, she has been very ill; she hasn't even known that we live. She doesn't know it now.— But she is better, Bep, old boy . . . better! Weak and very nervous, they say, but quite conscious. It was the shock— (*getting up and calling.*) Narbonne. (*enter Narbonne.*) Order the false commander of the Creole brought before me. (*Narbonne bows and exits; Lafitte walks about; enter Pedro in chains and escorted by pirates; Lafitte faces about as they enter; both start.*) What! (*to the man.*) Is this the man who commanded the Creole?
- 1st PIR. This is the man.
- LAF. Colonel Tolosa, what have you to say in your own defense? (*Pedro is silent.*) Perhaps you know the whereabouts of that ally of yours, Don Manuel d'Acosta?
- PED. I can—
- LAF. Silence! I will not send you to your reckoning with an added villainy. I can find Don Manuel myself.
- PED. You—
- LAF. For your plunder of an American vessel in the name of Lafitte. I order you shot. (*exit. Pedro is conducted to the back of the stage, near the Bay, where two men set about digging his grave.*)
- 1st GRAVE-DIGGER. I have often cautioned the men never to trust anyone no matter what his guarantees, without asking for the password. I'll bet you this fellow couldn't have answered. "To-morrow," I say and if the other fellow answers "and her dupes," all right, I'll believe him. (*enter Beluche; he goes to Pedro and searches him.*)

- 2d G-D. You shouldn't speak the pass-word except upon necessity.  
(*Beluche throws unimportant things found on Pedro to the ground.*)
- 1st G-D. (*looks at Pedro; laughs*) Ha! Dead men tell no tales.  
(*Beluche finds a small picture; looks at it studiously.*)
- BEL. (*aside.*) There is something familiar about this face. Ahbah!  
(*throws picture aside; pirates nearer the front have been drawing lots with dice.*)
- 1st PIR. (*to a comrade.*) You, one. (*they throw again.*)
- ALL. Two! [*two of the men stand apart; balance throw again.*]  
Three! [*the three appointed by lot go to back of stage; Beluche measures off the distance; they place themselves on line.*]
- BEL. One, [*they raise their guns.*] two. [*enter Father Cuthbert.*]
- FATH. C. Pedro!—Stop! [*to the men.*] Would you send a soul into eternity without preparation? Leave us. I will be responsible for the prisoner.
- BEL. He may escape.
- FATH. C. He is bound. I will call you when he shall have confessed.
- BEL. [*motions the men away; to Father Cuthbert, reluctantly.*] Ten minutes. [*the men stack their guns against a tree and exeunt.*]
- FATH. C. [*turning to Pedro.*] Quickly. What have you done?
- PED. I was tempted and fell. I got command of a pirate ship and attacked and sank an American vessel.
- FATH. C. [*overwhelmed.*] Miserable man!
- PED. There is no hope, you see.
- FATH. C. No. Lafitte himself, could not have one rule for his his men and another for outsiders. But you—Mariana's brother!
- PED. He does not know that I am Mariana's brother. Once, in Bayonne, unperceived by him, I saw my sister's lover, but I had no idea that Lafitte was the long-mourned-for man.
- FATH. C. He does not know that you are Mariana's brother!
- PED. No. In view of my coming execution I have spared him the knowledge.
- FATH. C. (*walking about*) It must not be. It would be an eternal barrier between them. Yet—how? How useless to appeal for extra time to the men.



PED. I could make some amends by sending you word of Mariana.

FATH. C. Yes.—I must risk it. (*looks off to see that he is unwatched; goes to the three guns, unloads them, still leaving them powder-charged and returns them to their places; speaks to Pedro.*)

You will feign death upon being fired at. (*Pedro nods.*) And now, my poor boy, a prayer. (*Pedro bows his head.*) Merciful Lord of death and life, (*pirates return; take up their guns.*) help us now in this supreme hour. (*Beluche re-measures the distance.*) Save him, God, dear Father! (*men station themselves.*) Save him, forgive him, God, dear Mother!

BEL. One! (*men raise their guns; Father Cuthbert blesses Pedro silently.*) Two! (*enter Mariana; she wears a long, trailing white dress and her hair is loosely twisted.*) Three! (*men fire; at the same moment Mariana recognizes Pedro, screams and runs to him as he falls face-downward; enter Lizbette; Father Cuthbert lifts Mariana from Pedro's body and motions to Lizbette to take her.*)

LIZ. (*with her arms around Mariana; leading her away.*) Come 'long, honey;—come'long wid yo po' ole Lizbette . . . (*exeunt Lizbette and Mariana, the latter sobbing.*)

FATH. C. Gentlemen, I beg a great favor of you;—that the prisoner's body be left in my charge.

BEL. His head should be stuck up on a pole for buzzards to pick at! [*knocks the body contemptuously with his gun; Father Cuthbert puts out his hand deprecatingly.*]

PIRATES. Ah!

FATH. C. I knew this man long ago,—and the law is now satisfied.

BEL. [*reluctantly.*] Well,—out of respect for you.

FATH. C. Thank you. [*bows; kneels beside the body; the men turn to exit and Beluche in going picks up the little picture he had found on Pedro and thrown aside; he puts it in his coat pocket; exeunt men and Beluche; Father Cuthbert looks to see that they have all gone, takes from the ground a long, hooded overcoat which he had carried over his arm when he entered; touches Pedro who rises.*] Put this on, [*Pedro puts on overcoat.*] and make the most of your chances. [*Father Cuthbert pulls the hood over Pedro's face.*] Fortunately it is a new coat they have never seen.

PED. You have saved my life.

FATH. C. Go. Don't forget about Mariana. [*Pedro nods; exit.*] God help him! [*he goes to the grave, takes up a spade and fills in the grave quickly; enter Beluche.*]

BEL. (*suspiciously.*) You've made short work of it. Why didn't you call in one of the men to help you?

FATH.C. (*fixing the earth.*) Sentiment, I suppose.

BEL. (*poking the newly broken ground with his stick.*) The earth is very sweet and clean for such as this.

FATH. C. (*puts out his hand deprecatingly.*) My friend — (*enter Lizbette.*) How is the young lady, Lizbette?

LIZ. Tollable easy, sah.

FATH. C. (*sternly.*) You haven't been practicing your voo-doo arts on her?

LIZ. Naw, sah.

FATH. C. Very well. See that you don't. (*exeunt Father Cuthbert and Beluche.*)

LIZ (*looking after them.*) Huh! I dunno who dat gwine hep 'er, me, if tain Lizbette I done bin 'bliged t'give 'er sometin' to make 'er sleep. She war plum crazy. En dose white leddies dunno nuttin. Ne mine. Lizbette know. She done put 'er t'sleep ez peaceful z'a lamb, en wen she wake up, she ont remember. (*takes an opaque white bottle out of her pocket.*) Dish hyar remedy fo, blues . . . I knows it, kase iss marked "Cordial" on de bottle an' issa white bottle. (*buries the bottle up to its stopper on one end of the grave.*) People say it heps 'em lots. (*takes out a black bottle from her pocket.*) An' dish hyar rank pison might z'well season some, too. (*enter unperceived by Lizbette, Father Cuthbert; she buries the black bottle up to the stopper in the other end of the grave and exits.*)

FATH. C. Up to her same old tricks. (*goes to grave; finds the last bottle Lizbette buried; looks for and finds the first; reads.*) "Cordial." I'll do a little voo-doo work myself. (*takes from his pocket an empty flask; pours the contents of the cordial bottle into his flask.*) Harmless enough remedies; but her influence becomes dangerous. (*pours the poison from the black bottle into the cordial bottle and the blues remedy from his flask into the black bottle; he re-buries the bottles as he found them.*) A good thing to nonplus her occasionally in her practices. (*exit; re-enter Lizbette with Bella's locket in her hand.*)

- LIZ. Snake head got pow'ful signification. (*enter unperceived, Dominique; Lizbette goes to grave; holds locket high over it; shuts her eyes and sways; speaks in ghostly monotone.*) Wat you know . . .
- DOM. (*looks up; starts.*) What are you doing with that locket? Where did you get it?
- LIZ. I dunno, sah, whar it come fum. It uz sent to me an'll be sont fo' agin.
- DOM. Why?
- LIZ. Fo' advisement; to fin' out ef de lady's lover am true to 'er.
- DOM. Give me that locket instantly. (*Lizbette hands it to him.*) No. (*hands it back to Lizbette gloomily; aside*) She wouldn't let me have it herself. *Lizbette holds the locket aloft once more shuts her eyes and sways; Dominique walks about excitedly with his eyes on the ground; enter unperceived, Beluche.*
- LIZ. (*in ghostly monotone.*) Wat yo know . . . *Beluche who had advanced snatches the locket from her, flings it violently on the ground and puts his foot on it.*
- DOM. (*in amazed indignation; angrily.*) If you please!—
- BEL. (*becoming conscious of Dominique.*) Ah, yes. (*stoops; picks up the locket and straightens it out.*) Your pardon. [*suavely.*] Snakes always throw me into uncontrollable temper. [*hands the locket to Dominique*] May I inquire whose it is?
- DOM. [*curtly.*] No, you may not.
- BEL. [*intensely.*] Then I will tell you one thing. You had better be on your greatest guard against a certain fat man. Beware of him!—let your sweetheart beware of him! Otherwise when you will think your love and happiness most secure, they will be ravished from you with utter cruelty.
- DOM. Are you crazy?
- BEL. Yes,—sixteen years crazy. But you—You have neither great wealth nor grand name. I am sorry for your youth. I warn you. [*exit.*]
- DOM. Beluche—Well, of all . . . [*night sets in; enter Pedro, cloaked and hooded; he looks on the ground for the little picture he had seen Beluche throw aside; he is not seen by Lizbette and Dominique.*] Here. [*Dominique gives the locket to Lizbette; Pedro looks up; recognises Bella's locket; Dominique speaks recklessly, moodily.*] While you have your hand in, you may as well tell me whether I have a rival or no. [*Pedro hears; understands Bella's defense of pirates; exits without having been observed; Lizbette once more holds the locket aloft; shuts her eyes and sways.*]

- LIZ. (*in ghostly monotone.*) I seen a gemman . . . dressed like de bridegroom . . . ee fat, but ee not t'all stiff-jinted, dough; an' ee do make love rapchewrous!
- DOM. (*intolerantly.*) Ah! (*aside.*) I'll look for the man in the locket. (*exit.*)
- LIZ. Dis snake head pow'ful significant. (*the moon rises, Lizbette puts locket in her bosom; takes her bottles from the grave and exits. Enter Lafitte; he walks across stage; sits absent-mindedly; rests his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands. Enter Mariana. "Her eyes are open, but their sense is shut." She wears a long, filmy, trailing white dress; her hair falls over her shoulders. she has her back turned to Lafitte; she touches the tall flowers lightly going from one to another-*)
- MAR. (*in a low, soft voice to a flower.*) I am jealous of these long thoughts of yours. (*encircling the flower-stalk with her arms., she puts her cheek against the flowers; smiles tenderly; then starts apprehensively.*) Did you hear that? . . . (*calmly.*) The wind. I know a secret about the wind. It blows and blows till the world is full of a great white tempest that builds us—up to heaven! . . . [*fearfully.*] Hush! What was that? [*Lafitte looks up; sees Mariana. starts; rises.*]
- LAF. Mariana! [*she starts; trembles, but does not turn; Lafitte advances; holds out his arms.*] Mariana!
- MAR. [*waking.*] Ah! [*she turns; throws herself in his arms.*] I am so glad you are come!
- LAF. [*overcome with emotion; passing his hand gently again and again over her bowed head.*] My sweetheart—
- MAR. My heart is so full . . . It has been such a long while since you went away . . .
- LAF. Such a long while, sweetheart. But now—
- MAR. You won't leave me?
- LAF. I won't leave you, even though—
- MAR. What?
- LAF. Tell me. I have been tortured, You—are a nun?
- MAR. No: only a novice, free to leave at any time.
- LAF. Thank God!
- MAR. He would not let me be a nun, Jean. He brought me here to you. [*Lafitte takes his hat off, lets the hand holding it fall to his side and with his other arm around Mariana; lifts his head to heaven.*] Jean—

LAF. Yes?

MAR. I . . . [*passes her hand across her forehead in bewildered anguish.*] Oh, I have had such horrible dreams! . . . They were dreams?

LAF. [*soothingly.*] Dreams, sweetheart.

MAR. My uncle . . . my brother . . . I dreamed they were killed!

LAF. [*lovingly.*] Did you not think sometimes I was dead?

MAR. Yes.

LAF. Death cannot claim those you love.

MAR. Your voice is so comforting.

LAF. How could it be otherwise in this beautiful hour? Come, sweetheart, let us walk by the shore. The great, calm heart of Nature will strengthen you. [*they walk up stage.*] See how the little waves, like baby hands, pat the Earth's breast all night long. [*exeunt, Enter as they disappear, Manuel; he is dressed in pirate clothes.*]

MAN. [*looking after them.*] Curse the luck! It isn't enough that I must thrust myself into a dead pirate's clothes in order to save my head on that Creole expedition, but I must find myself checkmated at last in spite of everything! [*enter Mariana; her step is light and she is singing softly and blithely.*] Mariana—*[kneels.]*

MAR. [*startled.*] Ah!

MAN. I beg your forgiveness for my words and conduct on the ship. I was beside myself—wild with fear lest you should be taken from me—taken to worse than death. I risked my life—I risk it now to save you.

MAR. [*with transcendent happiness.*] There is no need. Jean is here. Jean loves me.

MAN. [*rising.*] Jean is a pirate!

MAR. [*turning away in slighting reproval.*] Ah!

MAN. Not in make-believe as I was, but in hard, vicious reality.

MAR. [*turning upon him.*] Take care.

MAN. His name is not Jean Durand, but Jean Lafitte! [*Mariana recoils.*] He it is who has robbed you; who intends dishonor towards you.

MAR. Silence!

MAN. Who is responsible for the sinking of the American vessel,



the death of your uncle, the killing of your brother!

MAR. [*remembering the execution.*] Ah!—Cowardly liar!

MAN. I can prove the truth of my assertions.

MAR. Do it, on your life! [*exit, followed by Manuel; enter several pirates.*]

1st PIR. [*points to a boat coming up the bay.* That's a strange boat coming up the Bay. [*enter Lafitte and Father Cutbbert.*]

2d PIR. An English boat, isn't it?

LAF. Bearing a flag of truce. [*to his men.*] Bring torches, and see that the hospitality of the Island is practiced. [*exeunt several men; the boat lands; Captains Mc Williams and Lockyer and several other Englishmen disembark.*]

CAP. L. [*to Lafitte.*] Have I the honor of addressing the Commander of Barataria? [*Lafitte bows; enter pirates with pine torches*] I beg to present him this letter from Colonel Nicholls of the British navy. [*hands Lafitte a letter.*]

LAF. [*reading.*]—“I invite you, with your brave followers, to enter into the service of Great Britain—”

PIRATES. (*threateningly.*) What!

LAF. [*makes a peremptory quieting gesture; reads.*]—“You shall have the grade of Captain—”

C. Mc W. Your property shall be guaranteed to you and your persons protected. (*enter pirates carrying dining table and chairs.*)

CAPT. L. And here [*handing Lafitte another paper.*] are instructions to me by Sir W. H. Percy, Captain of the *Hermes*, senior officer in the Gulf of Mexico. (*pirates dress the table with viands and wine.*)

LAF. (*reads.*)—“lands will at the conclusion of the war be allotted to them in His Majesty's colonies in America”—

CAPT. L. And in addition, as you will see, thirty thousand dollars conferred upon you, payable at your option in Pensacola or New Orleans.

C. Mc W. You surely cannot let slip such an opportunity of acquiring fortune and consideration.

LAF. In a day or too—

CAPT. L. No reflection should be necessary. As a Frenchman, you are now of course, a friend of Great Britain.

LAF. And as an American?

CAPT. L. You are outlawed the American Government and exposed, if taken, to infamy and death.

C. McW. Whereas in the British service you would have respect, an enviable prospect of promotion,—

LAF. [*leading the way to the table.*] Let us sit.

C. McW. [*they seat themselves.*] And proper appreciation.

CAPT. L. Your services would be immensely important in carrying out the operations which the British government has planned against lower Louisiana.

LAF. How so?

CAPT. L. Your knowledge of the country would serve us unerringly. [*enter at back Manuel, who beckons cautiously; enter Mariana.*] Then, so soon as possession of Louisiana is obtained, the army will penetrate into the upper country and act in concert with the forces in Canada. Everything is prepared for carrying on the war in that quarter with the utmost vigor.

LAF. You are confident of success?

C. McW. We are sure of it. The French and Spanish population of Louisiana will support us.

LAF, [*reflectively.*] The negroes, too.

CAPT. L. Will render us great assistance, because we will incite them to insurrection by offering them their liberty.

C. McW. Come. What do you say?

LAF. [*rising, glass in hand.*] I drink—

CAPT. L. Lafitte forever! He drinks to His Majesty, King George the Third!

LAF. I drink to—Success!

ALL. Hear! [*all drink: Father Cuthbert puts down his glass sadly, without tasting the wine,*]

MAR. [*in choked surprise and horror.*] Lafitte! [*exit Manuel*]

FATH. C. [*rising*] Mariana.

MAR. Do not speak to me! [*all rise.*]

LAF. (*advancing a step or two,*) Mariana.

MAR. (*recoiling and speaking with headlong passion.*) Hypocrite!—traitor!—murderer! (*exit, following Manuel,*)

CURTAIN.





**ACT III.**



## ACT III.



SCENE I. Governor Claiborne's mansion. Ball room just off the scene; music; guests in evening dress move about; enter Duval and legislators and politicians of Act I.; exeunt other guests.

1st POL. I have it from the Governor that an expedition has been fitted out,—has been in readiness for days to start against Lafitte and his followers.

DUV. (*impatently.*) Then why doesn't it start?

1st POL. Because there has been treachery,—because at the last moment it was discovered that the pilot was a spy.

DUV. Ah!

1st POL. It is an enforced delay. The way is dangerous.

1st LEG. (*to Duval.*) You forget that already one expedition against Barataria has failed and come to grief. (*exeunt Duval, legislators and politicians; enter Lizbette, dressed as a serving-woman; enter Baptiste.*)

BAP. Lordy, Aun' Lizbette, yo' hyar!

LIZ. Ne mine 'bout dat. Lizbette got frens. Yo hole yo mouf shut 'bout me, dass all. I wan t' see yo.

BAP. Lordy! Dey shorely'll come bad luck to me fo' dis night.

LIZ. De folks all dancin' de gran' quadrille now. Who dat gwine see yo?

BAP. (*submissively.*) Yes ma'am.

- LIZ. Is yo see dat young ledly wat come to de hotel dat day wid de nuns?
- BAP. Lordy, Aun Lizbette, how yo know dat?
- LIZ. Ne mine. Is yo see her?
- BAP. Norm, I—
- LIZ. (*severely.*) Pay 'tention wat you say.
- BAP. (*looks at her dazedly; finally fumbles in his pockets*) I done got a little money hyar, Aun' Lizbette, to hep make up wat de sperrit took 'way dat day.
- LIZ. (*turning the money over in her hand dissatisfiedly.*) Huh!—Is yo see her? (*Baptiste shakes his head.*) Den go. (*Baptiste bows and turns to go.*) But yo better look out.
- BAP. (*stopping and turning around.*) Ma'am?
- LIZ. (*moving bric-a-brac about energetically.*) I dunno wat dat gwine save yo.
- BAP. (*trembling.*) Who me?
- LIZ. 'Ceptin' yo gits spunky.—Go 'long.
- BAP. Home?
- LIZ. Ef yo doan hear fum me in fifteen minutes.
- BAP. Lordy! (*exeunt Baptiste and Lizbette; enter hurriedly Mariana, followed by Manuel; both in evening dress.*)
- MAN. Won't you let me know your purpose?—Won't you let me share with you your hopes and fears?
- MAR. (*quietly and firmly.*) No.
- MAN. Ah, you have not forgiven me; you still remember the conduct of which I will be ashamed to the end of my life.
- MAR. (*evenly and unemotionally.*) You are mistaken. I remember also the love which constituted itself a protective force to return me to my uncle's house six years ago.
- MAN. (*eagerly.*) You—
- MAR. (*very self-reliant and aloof.*) But now,—I can take care of myself.
- MAN. (*with sudden vehemence.*) You want to see Lafitte again! You still love him! (*Mariana remains unmoved; Manuel walks about.*) Very well. (*aside.*) He must be gotten rid of. (*dissembling his rage, he returns to Mariana.*) I forgot to tell you, Mariana, that Father Cuthbert is in the city and wishes to see you. I shall be leaving in a little while and will

take any message you like to send. (*hands her paper and pencil.*)

MAR. Thank you. (*sits; writes a brief note; hands it to Mamuel.*) If you will give him this, I shall be much obliged to you.

MAN. (*bows.*) Good-night.

MAR. Good-night. (*exit Mamuel; enter Governor Claiborne.*)

GOV. C. (*soliloquizing.*) Impatience does no good . . .

MAR. (*advances; bows.*) Governor Claiborne.

GOV. C. I beg your pardon, but—

MAR. Don't you remember me? At the convent—

GOV. C. So I do. Miss d'Acosta.

MAR. Yes, Mariana d'Acosta, come to ask you a great favor.

GOV. C. Anything in my power.

MAR. I have heard of the delayed expedition against Barataria. I will myself, if you will allow me, lead it.

GOV. C. Miss d'Acosta!

MAR. No one is so well qualified for the work as I. I have lived there, days that have been years. I have seen them rob, destroy life and property; kill my nearest and dearest. Oh!—

GOV. C. My poor child!

MAR. I will lead the expedition. I know the way. (*Governor Claiborne shakes his head; walks back and forth.*) I have seen the British in consultation with those pirates; seen them seated at the same table in feasting and good fellowship!

GOV. C. (*starts.*) Can you be sure?

MAR. I heard them discussing the capture of Louisiana; I heard and saw them drink to Success!

GOV. C. (*walks about.*) If it were not for your youth—your sex—

MAR. Ah, let me go. I have most cause to go.

GOV. C. You were on the ship—

MAR. Yes. Let me go.

GOV. C. Your brother—

MAR. Ah, there is no time to lose. Action is imperative. Write the order.

GOV. C. Pray heaven, I do not wrong you in doing so. (*writes; Mariana takes the order.*)

MAR. The nation will bless you for this act. (*exeunt; Mariana hurriedly, Governor Claiborne slowly and much perturbed in spirit; enter from opposite direction, Pedro; enter Manuel.*)

MAN. (*starts.*) You! Why, I thought—Does Mariana know you are alive?

PED. Probably not.

MAN. (*with sudden change of thought; hurriedly, eagerly.*) Would you like to earn the five hundred dollars reward for Lafitte's head?

PED. I would.

MAN. Very well. (*takes Mariana's note out of his pocket.*) Here's an easy way.

PED. (*reads.*) "Dear Father:—I beg your pardon for my words and actions at Barataria. I shall be at *l'hotel des Exiles* at 4 o'clock on the 7th. May I see you then? Humbly and in sorrow, Mariana."—(*slaps Manuel on the back.*) My boy, love is improving you.

MAN. Have you an eraser?

PED. (*takes one out of his pocket.*) Always prudent to carry one. (*Manuel spreads Mariaua's note on a table; erases heading.*) I think I can capture Emperor Lafitte at the time and place mentioned and make beside quite a handsome sum off the Spanish merchants for the capture.

MAN. By whom can we send this?

PED. (*examining the note.*) It must go immediately. The appointment is only two days off and Lafitte cannot be trusted to be found at the last moment. He is said to be frequently away from Barataria for days.

MAN. How about that nigger of Darblee? He is thought to be very much *en rapport* with Lizbette, the old witch of the island, who is Lafitte's staunch friend.

PED. Just the man! Frighten him sufficiently with portents and he would as soon think of dying as of proving faithless. (*enter Baptiste at back.*)

MAN. Isn't that he?

PED. Baptiste. (*Baptiste starts; comes forward bowing.*) You are in great danger.

BAP. Yes, sah.

PED. It behooves you to be careful.—Do you know Lizbette?

BAP. Naw, sah, I ain't—

PED. That will do. Do you know Lizbette?

BAP. (*in distressed irresolution.*) I done had some 'quaintance wid 'er, but—

PED. Here is a paper that you will give to Lizbette for Lafitte. Now listen. If it reach him safely and in time, you will have a big reward. If not—

BAP. Lordy!

PED. If not, you will be haunted to a most torturing death; a death you will not be able to escape. You are in great danger. I put the paper here on this table. (*lays paper down; Baptiste approaches.*) Don't touch it, till you have seen me disappear I'm going. (*moves toward exit.*) Be careful. Watch the paper. Watch me. Your safety is at stake. (*raises his hand impressively; exeunt Manuel and Pedro; Baptiste in his eagerness to watch Pedro, goes a little up stage, away from the table; enter by a side entrance, Lizbette.*)

LIZ. (*passing by table and swooping up paper.*) I dunno who dat scatter all dis litter 'bout. (*throws paper in fire and exits without having been seen by Baptiste.*)

BAP. (*comes to table; finds note gone! falls on his knees.*) Lordy! Lordy! (*crawls around table on his knees looking for paper; enter Bella.*)

BELLA. Why, Baptiste! You'd better hurry home before Mr. Darblee discovers your absence.

BAP. Good-by, Miss Bella.

BELLA. Good-by, Baptiste. (*exit Baptiste.*) Poor fellow! He looks as I feel. Oh, I am so glad Dominique has not come. If he and Pedro d'Acosta meet . . . I believe that man to be a sinister and deadly.—I hate State balls! (*enter Dominique.*)

DOM. Alone?

BELLA. [*half coquettishly.*] I was hoping to be.

DOM. You were waiting for me,—wondering why I hadn't comè. Now, confess.

BELLA. [*seriously.*] I was prayerfully glad you hadn't come.

DOM. What!—Let me tell you something:—you haven't kissed me once.

BELLA. What kept you? [*enter unperceived, Manuel.*]

DOM. I see. You want me to kiss you first. [*kisses her in spite of Bella's attempted defense; Manuel coughs; Dominique turns; Manuel exits.*]

BELLA. Now, you see.

DOM. A very disagreeable fellow. Is he the suitor?

BELLA. No.

DOM. Who is the suitor, Bella? What's his abominable name? [*Bella is silent.*] Is he here? [*Bella starts.*] He is. Then I'll find him. [*going.*]

BELLA. (*alarmed.*) Dominique! I'll tell you one thing about him. He's—stout.

DOM. What! Ah, you are joking. I give you warning. I am going to disguise myself and catch a glimpse of that man.

BELLA. Why disguise yourself?

DOM. Because I believe you'd warn him away if you knew I were coming.

BELLA. Pshaw! (*laughs.*) I'd know you under any disguise. Oh!—I have an idea. "Things will come right through a disguise!"

DOM. Eh?

BELLA. You must assume a disguise and try it on your uncle.

DOM. My uncle!

BELLA. Don't you see, if the impression produced by it be favorable, you can try it on my father and lay your case before him. Then in an adverse event, you'll still be unknown.

DOM. (*doubtfully, scratching his chin.*) Ye—es; but I'd like to catch a glimpse of Mr. Duval to-night.

BELLA. He has already gone home. Now listen, Dominique. Don't be seen with me any more to-night. We'll only jeopardize our chances,

DOM. (*kicks a flower lying on the floor.*) Allow me to conduct you to your friends. (*Bella takes his arms and as they turn to move away, Pedro enters and sees them; exeunt Bella and Dominique.*)

PED. (*savagely, yet calculatingly.*) There is a way . . . it may not be worth much, but then again it may. (*re-enter Dominique alone; as he is passing, Pedro goes up to him; raises his hand.*) "TO-MORROW—"



DOM. "AND HER DUPES."

PED. (*offers Dominique his hand; gives him a hearty shake.*) At eleven o'clock on the morning of the 7th, you are to go to the *Cafe Marin* for an important paper containing news of urgent import for Lafitte. At three o'clock of the same day, you are to bring the documents to Lafitte at *l'hotel des Exiles*.

DOM. At three o'clock.

PED. I am understood?

DOM. Perfectly. *Au revoir.* (*exit; enter Manuel.*)

MAN. Just a word. You'd better make yourself secure with your lady-love. Otherwise, you may find that even with one fortune, you will be unable to get the other.

PED. What do you mean?

MAN. I noticed a very ardent young man with her a while ago, and I noticed that he kissed her quite possessingly.

PED. (*grimly.*) I have the young man under *surveillance.* (*enter unperceived, Lizbette; she straightens a rug; Dominique re-passes at back with a few ladies.*) Is that the man? (*Mmanuel and Lizbette look up stage.*)

MAN. That's the man.

PED. My stay in Baratavia wasn't profitless after all. I learned the pirate pass-word. (*Lizbette, who had been on the point of going, stops; listens.*)

MAN. Not much gain in that, I should say.

PED. Well, I used it a while ago as an experiment upon that ardent young man and the trap succeeded beautifully. He answered immediately.

MAN. Why didn't you have him arrested?

PED. I had no witnesses. But I have instructed him to get and bring certain papers to Lafitte at Darblee's at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the 7th. I shall have a body of armed men on the spot and if the government fail to catch and convict the fellow with those papers on him, I shall be much deceived. (*exeunt Pedro and Mannel.*)

LIZ. [*advances; shakes her fist after them.*] Catch Marser Dominique, would you? Not wid de powers 'gainst yo. I kin warn Marser Dominique. [*going.*] Stop! Ee plum discontempchus o' me. Ef I tell 'im, ee'll go shore. Ne mine.

Marser Lafitte sot heap o store on dat young man. I gwine save 'im anyhow. Marsar Lafitte de man! *Ee'll know how to deal wid 'em. [unties her apron; exit; enter Lafitte; he is exquisitely attired in evening dress; enter from opposite direction a man servant.]*

LAF. Is Miss d'Acosta here?

SER. Naw, sah.

LAF. Be careful. She has been here.

SER. *scratching his temple.* Miss d'Acosta?—Oh, yes sah; I 'members.

LAF. Is she here now.

SER. Less'n she done gone, sah. She was hyar a minit ago. [*Lafitte exits eagerly followed by servant; enter Governor Claiborne and the Chairman on the Committee of War Measures.*]

GOV. C. I was very reluctant to let her go.

CHAIR. If Lafitte be in league with the British, it is a league formidable beyond computation.

GOV. C. Exactly. No time can be lost. I ordered the expedition off with all speed. Lafitte must be captured. Since the five hundred dollars reward be of no avail, we'll try fire.

CHAIR. It is like the British to league themselves with those hellish pirates. [*exeunt; enter Lafitte.*]

LAF. She is not here and I can find no clue as to where she has gone. [*leans against mantel; enter several ladies and gentlemen.*]

1st LADY. She must have reconsidered her determination to become a nun.

2d LADY. No wonder! I think Don Manuel d'Acosta (*Lafitte starts*) is the most perfectly fascinating man I ever met.

1st GEN. Oh, now. A little quarter!

1st LADY. He seemed so tender to her—so protecting and gallant! (*exeunt ladies and gentlemen.*)

LAF. I must find her, or she will be duped, trapped, as she was trapped into a belief that I could be a traitor! (*enter Governor Claiborne and the Chairman; Lafitte goes up to them.*) Governor Glaiborne, allow me to present to you—Jean Lafitte. (*bows.*)

GOV. C. What!—Do you know that there is a five hundred dollar reward for your head posted over this city?

LAF. I have been a little more more flattering. (*bows.*) I have offered five thousand dollars for yours.

GOV. C. (*enraged.*) You dare! (*to the Chairman.*) The guard.

CHAIR. [*summoning at back quickly.*] The guard! [*enter soldiers.*]

GOV. C. I order you to— [*points to Lafitte; Lafitte takes from his breast a white paper; holds it commandingly aloft; the Governor pauses; waives the soldiers off.*] Await further orders. [*exeunt soldiers.*] Well? It is questionable honor in me to respect even a flag of truce in your hands.—Proceed.

LAF. The British are preparing to attack New Orleans by way of Barataria.

GOV. C. Well sir? You are ready to give them assistance.

LAF. I come to offer my services to the American forces.

CHAIR. A trick.

LAF. For no pay whatever;—to enter the lists merely as a private.

CHAIR. A ruse, sir; a crafty ruse by which to obtain money or honors from the American government. [*Lafitte hands the paper to Governor Claiborne.*]

GOV. C. [*reads.*]—“Captain! . . . thirty thousand dollars!” . . . [*hands the paper to the Chairman.*]

LAF. If you will not accept my services, I shall instantly leave the country. I will not suffer the imputation of having co-operated towards an invasion from Barataria which cannot fail to take place. [*Governor Claiborne walks about.*]

CHAIR. [*doubtfully still.*] The Speaker of the House and the President of the Senate are here—

GOV. C. It would do no harm to see them and find out whether they think it fit to submit the matter to the Legislature and to General Jackson.

LAF. I can only give you ten minutes in which to decide.

GOV. C. [*resentfully.*] You are autocratic.

LAF. I must be. A matter dearer life, country, heaven, claims my attention and cannot wait. I will await your early return here. [*exeunt Governor Claiborne and the Chairman; Lafitte becomes impatient; looks at his watch; finally sits near the fire and absent-mindedly picks up a charred remnant of Mariana's note which had fallen on the hearth.*] A love note, probably . . .

*[he holds it up; throws it into the fire; then, looking upon the flame, he softly and unconsciously whistles Mon Coeur a Toi.]*

## CURTAIN.



SCENE II. *L'hotel des Exiles; the mask room. Enter Baptiste.*

BAP. *[has the black bottle in his hands.]* Nuttin ax wid me same zit ought to. I got dish ere rat pison fum Aun' Lizbette kase she say she done season it on a new made grave an' de rats hep dem sperrits to make noises 'bout my room, an' I done see dem critters eating' de bread I soak in dat pison. An' dey comes up peert z'ever. *[shakes his head dolefully.]* Dey's bad time comin' shore. *[exit; enter Bella and Duval.]*

DUV. *[coaxingly.]* Now, if he have the fortune in a week, you'll marry him?

BELLA. We'll wait until he have the fortune.

DUV. *[puts his arm around Bella; enter unperceived, Dominique.]* Come, let us sit here.

DOM. *[starts.]* The stout man! *[aside.]*

DUV. *[draws Bella to the arm of his chair; Bella pouts.]* Now, be my sweet little girl; won't you? *[kisses Bella's cheek; she breaks away; Duval runs after her.]* Ah, *[laughing]* you can't escape me so! *[as Duval gets opposite the niche door, Dominique rushes up behind him, shoves him up the step and claps him into the niche; re-enter Dominique.]*

DOM. *[furiously]* So, Miss—

BELLA. *[in a frightened undertone.]* It is my father, Leon Duval, that you have shut up there! *(kicking and calling by Duval.)*

DOM. What! I'll go to the rescue. *(starting)*

BELLA. *(detaining him)* You'll do nothing of the kind. We'll ask Mr. Darblee to come. *(exeunt; enter Baptiste; Duval raps; calls; Baptiste starts.)*

BAP. Lordy! *(Duval raps again; Baptiste jumps; suddenly has an idea.)* Yes, sah! *[exit on a run; returns immediately holding a big syringe.]* Comin' sah. Lordy! . . . *(he puts the*

*syringe to the crevice in the wall and applies his remedy; redoubled, furious stamping and swearing by Duval; enter Dailbee and Bella.)*

DAR. Baptiste. [*Baptiste falls back in a state of collapse; exit Darblee; re-enter immediately Darblee, conducting Duval whose face and hair are soaked.*] My dear sir, I am all amazement and indignation!

DUV. [*pointing to Baptiste.*] That son of Satan must have put me in there.

BAP. Naw sah, Marser Duval. De mask sperrit put yo in dyar, sah, to save some pirate fum despair an' death.

DAR. Nonsense

BAP. Who dat put Marser Duval in dyar den? I dint know dey uz a place in dyar big 'nough fo' anyting 'ceptin' a sperrit.

BELLA. [*nervously.*] I just caught a glimpse of a man with a full beard;—oh, a horrible red beard! Then I ran out for assistance and met Mr. Darblee.

DUV. A plague of old pirate houses! They're always full of traps.

DAR. (*to Baptiste.*) Get out! (*to Duval.*) I'll have him severely punished for this.

DUV. I'll wash my face and comb my hair. [*exit.*]

BELLA. Baptiste—

DAR. Oh, of course, he won't be punished.

BELLA. (*dejectedly.*) I'm afraid our chances will be smaller than ever now.

DAR. I hear there are some extra fine terrapin in the market, just sent in from *Bayou Teche*. I'll go see if there be any left. A few of them will restore your father's good humor. [*bows; exit; enter Duval.*]

DUV. Scoundrel!—Come. (*exeunt Duval and Bella; enter Mariana.*)

MAR. (*exultant; nervous; wretched; looks around.*) No one here. (*looks at her watch.*) Long before the time. So much the better. I need a little rest.—If only he had not escaped! . . . I wonder (*looking scornfully at mask.*) if you are still busy? Did you send some human ear into your mask to warn your fellow pirates of the burning of Barataria? (*mockingly.*) I will listen now. Perhaps you wish me to save them. (*exit to*

*back of mask; looks through it; enter Duval and Pedro, the latter out of sight of the mask eyes.)*

MAN. (*excitedly.*) You had my father murdered!

PED. (*sneeringly.*) Did he favor your suit so much that you regret him? (*Mariana starts; noise in the niche.*)

MAN. What was that?— (*irritably.*) Your interference in my behalf has been too costly.

PED. (*contemptuously and intolerantly.*) Did I not take my own medicine? Was I not very nearly killed in Baratavia by Lafitte's order? Would I not have been killed but for the fact that Father Cuthbert unloaded the guns?

MAN. A likely story! You knew from the beginning that Lafitte was Jean Durand. You depended upon that fact in case of emergency.

PED. Have a care. No man shall accuse me of being a coward with impunity.

MAN. I challenge you to deny that you told Lafitte you are Mariana's brother.

PED. Certainly, I deny it. Lafitte saw in me only the Colonel Tolosa who had had him drugged and court-martialed from Napoleon's army six years ago. Not that I would not have availed myself of the chance to escape, if there had been one; but there is no escape in pirate law for insubordinators. And you may thank your lucky star that Lafitte did not happen on the execution ground when Mariana did. It would have been all up with you if he had.

MAN. (*with feverish apprehension.*) If she should discover our plot!

PED. She is safe never to know it. The men have orders not to let her in;—small-pox in the house.

MAN. Lafitte's arrest will be made without her knowledge. But you—She will hear of you through the reward.

PED. What of it? I cheerfully forego all privileges to her society. So that she does not hear of your complicity—

MAN. It is prudent to burn that agreement about her fortune. It will make no difference to you. The chests are in Baratavia and so soon as Lafitte is disposed of, you can go for them. (*Pedro takes a paper from his pocket and hands it to Manuel; Manuel opens it; starts.*) What!



PED. What's the matter?

MAN. Oh, despicable.

PED. (*tears the paper out of Manuel's hand; stamps his foot.*) Fool!  
Fool!

MAN. Traitor! British spy! And to think that I told you of the British Commission's offer to Lafitte!

PED. Damn it all!

MAN. And here (*shaking his hand at the paper.*) I discover that you have offered to show them the way into New Orleans and earn the British money at the same time that you are pretending to serve the American Government by capturing Lafitte.

PED. Ah, have done. I admit that I drew them a careful map of the country. You have seen the written guarantee of payment from Captain Lockyer of the British navy in case the chart be found correct.

MAN. (*accusingly.*) You!

PED. That was the paper I had intended to be found on the ardent young man. As to Lafitte, I see no reason why I should not combine pleasure with business.

MAN. As to Lafitte, all right. He ought to be killed—curse him!—will be, if he come, but your treachery to the government is intolerable.

PED. (*cruelly and deliberately.*) Do you threaten, or are you merely patriotic? (*Manuel walks about.*) Because in the former case, I will see to it that you do not get Mariana, unless—

MAN. (*turning on him angrily.*) There are two sides to that! Suppose I inform the Governor that the attack upon and scuttling of the American vessel, the killing of her captain, my father and many passengers, the delivery of her crew into piratical hands were your work? That you forged an order from Lafitte in order to get command of one of his ships? Suppose I inform him that the work of rescue was really done by Lafitte?

PED. (*quietly.*) Would you not be implicating yourself? Would you not be doing Lafitte a good turn?—We had best stand by our old bargain: the girl for you, the money for me.

MAN. (*after a pause.*) Let me have that agreement.

PED. I haven't it.

MAN. What!

PED. I made a mistake; left that paper instead of this. (*rapping paper in his hand.*)

MAN. What! That man has . . . If Mariana should ever see it . . .

PED. I can remedy that blunder yet.

MAN. But if for all this, she will not—

PED. Then she must be made to.

MAN. (*fretfully.*) Why she should have chosen a house with entrances on three streets . . . We cannot watch all three.

PED. Lafitte is not on his guard. I'll watch the North side, you the South and the men the West. (*walks apart absorbed in thought.*)

MAN. (*excitedly; restlessly.*) 'At what time did her note tell Father Cuthbert she would see see him? [*takes out a note-book; opens it.*] 4 o'clock. Emperor Lafitte is not yet due for a long while. (*walks about.*) That was a good idea to have her write that note in pencil . . . and a cleverer one to erase the "dear father" and send it to Lafitte . . . (*enter Dominique disguised; he wears a very red, full beard.*)

DOM. (*aside on perceiving Pedro.*) The very man! I'll try him. (*going up to Pedro; bows.*) Do you know if Mr. Darblee be in? (*Pedro shrugs his shoulders surlily and turns off; Dominique turns to Manuel.*) Rheumatic? (*Manuel shrugs his shoulders.*) Do you know if Mr. Darblee be in?

MAN. (*curtly.*) I do not. (*exennt Pedro and Manuel.*)

DOM. (*cheerfully.*) Must be a good disguise. The very man who gave me the order to be here didn't recognize me. I'll try uncle Darblee. (*exit; enter from mask niche, Mariana.*)

MAR. [*looks around desperately; rings bell.*] I have no time in which to do anything myself.—He may come at any moment . . . [*writes hastily; enter Baptiste.*] Here. [*gives Baptiste money.*] Take this note to the Governor. [*gives him note.*] Use all the speed you can in getting there. Go! [*half pushes Baptiste out of the room.*] I will beg his life of the overnorn later, but now—I must save Jean . . . May be



Mr. Darblee would help me. [*exit; enter one of Pedro's guard; he beckons to others who enter.*]

1st G. [*significantly.*] The Captain left orders that any man answering the description he gave us should be searched.

2d G. Yes and any papers found on him brought *unopened* to him at *Mme. Fantine's*.

3d G. That's singular. A prisoner's papers are generally opened before him.

1st G. That's not our affair.

2d G. No. The only thing we've got to be careful about is not to make a mistake in the man,

1st G. [*significantly.*] Ah!

3d G. He isn't expected to arrive before 3 o'clock. (*looks at his watch.*) Twenty minutes from now.

1st C. He's here now.

2d G. Ah, no.

3d G. He couldn't be.

1st G. Did you notice a youngish looking man, with a straight nose and a yellow cravat?

2d G. Why, he had a beard!

1st G. Yes,—and may be it's his and may be it isn't. He didn't handle it as if it were.

3d G. You think?—

1st G. We've simply let him escape. (*enter Dominique.*)

2d G. Here he is!

DOM. (*bows.*) At your service.

1st G. Take off that beard.

DOM. What?

3d G. British spy!

DOM. Come, come.

2d G. Your airs of complacency won't deceive us.

DOM. What the devil are you talking about?

1st G. Surrender!

DOM. (*angrily.*) I *am* disguised, (*switching off his beard.*) but not a British spy. (*draws his sword.*) Now,—what do you want?

ALL. You.

1st G. And a paper you have on you.

- DOM. (*starts.*) I have a paper on me, but you shall not have it.
- 1st G. Seize him!
- ALL. Kill him! (*they fight; Dominique wounds 2d guard.*)
- 1st G. (*to 3d guard.*) Pin him to the wall. (*enter Lafitte; he knocks 1st guard's sword up just in time to save Dominique; they fight, 3d guard engaging Dominique and 1st guard, Lafitte; Lafitte's sword breaks.*) Now, (*to Lafitte.*) Curse you, die! (*as 1st guard lunges at him, Lafitte grapples with him and clinches; 1st guard calls to 2d and 3d guards.* Shall you let him escape, you two! Kill him! (*2d guard resumes his sword; rushes at Dominique; 1st guard speaks while struggling to get at Lafitte.*) Kill him! (*Lafitte by a supreme effort, throws 1st guard from him, causing him to drop his sword. Lafitte picks it up; wounds 2d guard and knocks the sword out of the hand of the 3d guard.*)
- LAF. I command you in the name of Governor Claiborne to desist. (*1st guard picks himself up from the floor; 2d and 3d guards stand irresolute.*) Upon what charge do you seek to arrest this man?
- 1st G. As a British spy.
- LAF. Search him. I pledge my word for him.
- DOM. (*waiving them aside; to Lafitte.*) The paper is for you. (*Lafitte shakes his head.*) I insist.
- LAF. Let them have it. (*1st guard searches Dominique; finds paper; motions to his men; they station themselves besides Dominique; 1st guard moves toward the door.*) Friend! If you be honest you will read that paper before the prisoner. (*1st guard hesitates; beckons to his men; they go to him; Lafitte speaks hurriedly to Dominique.*) Back to back. There's been treason.
- 3d G. It's nothing but fair.
- 1st G. And may be safer, since we have been charged not to make a mistake.
- 2d G. We can say the seal got broken in the tussle. [*they return and the 1st guard opens the paper.*]
- 1st. G. [*looks sheepishly at his comrades;*] A love affair. [*he returns the paper to Dominique; exeunt guards.*]
- LAF. [*with a puzzled face, takes paper; he opens it, starts terribly; crumples the paper into a thousand pieces in his clenched fist;*

*walks about in violent agitation.*] Oh, not to save twenty countries! not to save my soul from everlasting disgrace, will I stop in my search now! Go! [*to Dominique.*] Fight indomitably. General Jackson will tell you where. Here is your commission as Captain.

DOM. [*takes commission and in doing so, kisses Lafitte's hand.*] Can I not help you?

LAF. Yes. Fight for us both! [*exit Dominique by West entrance just as Mariana enters.*]

MAR. [*she sees Lafitte; speaks in a horrified, low voice.*] Jean . . .

LAF. Mariana! [*he holds her in his arms silently; his cheek on her hair; then holds her from him.*] You are well? [*Mariana nods.*] Ah, [*folding her in his arms again.*] I have been seeking you night and day; I must have left Baratavia almost in the hour you did; I have not been there since. I have lived in terror. Even death has frightened me, since it might claim me before I found you.

MAR. [*starts*] Oh, Jean—

LAF. [*soothing her.*] All is well, sweetheart. My life belongs to you. That is why it is a charmed life. Only a little while ago, I escaped from the British. I was journeying along on foot. Beppo kept me company. Suddenly, I heard the tramp of horses. Intuitively I felt that they carried British soldiers. I watched. A turn in the road showed me I was right. I heard Captain Mc Williams' voice, I crouched in the thick undergrowth bordering the road, I tried to quiet Beppo. He barked. I—I was obliged to kill him in order to prevent him from betraying me . . . , Not for the value of my own life, but to save the country's. (*Mariana put her arms around his neck*) Then, so soon as they had gone by, I borrowed a horse and came on. I have sent word to General Jackson. There is no time to spare. Now that I have found you and can put you in secure care, I must go. The British are approaching. They are within nine miles of the city.

MAR. And you?

LAF. (*tenderly.*) I, sweetheart, am Captain once more. Captain Jean Lafitte, of the American army. Ah, there is so much in my heart!—so much that I want to tell you about my

hatred for the Spanish; my feint to the British Commission. You don't understand. I have never sailed under any flag but that of the republic of Carthagena. My vessels are perfectly regular in that respect. Carthagena is at war with Spain. I capture and sink Spanish vessels and take possession of their cargoes. That is the sum total of my offending. When I shall have told you what we owe to Spaniards.—how hopeless I was—

MAR. (*brokenly.*) I know—

LAF. (*compassionately.*) Sweetheart! (*kisses her.*) Now, let us find Darblee. He will care for you until my return.

MAR. (*detaining him.*) Not now.

LAF. I must go, sweetheart.

MAR. (*half-sobbing.*) I want to see you . . . I haven't seen you for so long . . .

LAF. (*passing his hand over her hair.*) Sweetheart—

MAR. Did you get my note asking you to come here?

LAF. (*surprised.*) No.

MAR. Then *why* did you come?

LAF. To save Dominique. I was barely in time. (*leading her towards the door.*)

MAR. (*suddenly placing her back on the shut door.*) No!—You cannot go!

LAF. (*in gentle remonstrance.*) Sweetheart—

MAR. You cannot go. The house is guarded!

LAF. (*dazed at first; then comprehending.*) And you? . . . You wrote to me to come here?

MAR. The note was for Father Cuthbert. I had no idea . . . then I overheard Manuel and Pedro . . .

LAF. Manuel! Is he coming? At last! (*walks center; enter Beluche.*)

BEL. Lafitte, General Jackson fears that the British are preparing to attack by way of Barataria. He commands me to caution you about the defense of that point.

LAF. Oh, I am perfectly confident of the fidelity of my men.

BEL. (*grimly.*) They have had provocation

LAF. (*indignantly.*) Provocation! At a time like this, to speak of provocation!

BEL. (*doggedly.*) Yes. Now, they urge, is the time to retaliate for all the persecution they have endured at the hands of the Americans. Now. While the opportunity offers. All hail to the Emperor of Barataria!

LAF. (*goes up quietly to Beluche and puts his hands on his shoulders.*) Beluche,—we are first of all Americans. Who will follow me must follow now not the Emperor of Barataria, but the American soldier. Re-iterate my orders to the men of Barataria. (*Beluche, humbled, bows; in turning he sees Mariana; he starts and his face is instantly hard.*)

BEL. It is well the men of Barataria don't see you with this woman, or they would refuse to obey your orders. (*exit.*)

LAF. (*turns in bewilderment to Mariana.*) What did he mean?

MAR. [*looks at him desperately; Lafitte waits; finally she puts out her hands in dumb, piteous supplication.*] I thought my brother had been killed . . . and my uncle . . . all those helpless people . . .

LAF. Your brother? Where?

MAR. At Barataria . . . shot . . . by a band of pirates . . .

LAF. That man! The false commander of the Creole?

MAR. Yes.

LAF. [*takes her by the shoulders.*] You are dreaming! That man was Colonel Tolosa; the man responsible for my court-martial from Napoleon's army; the man who came near separating us forever. That was the man I ordered shot at Barataria.

MAR. And that—was Pedro;—the man who has trapped you here now.

LAF. Impossible. He was buried at Barataria.

MAR. [*shakes her head.*] He was saved by Father Cuthbert.

LAF. [*with sudden oppressive intuition.*] And you? What did you do.

MAR. [*puts out her hands blindly.*] I thought Pedro had been killed . . . and I did not know him then . . . I loved him with all my heart . . . and I believed you cruel as well as wicked . . .

LAF. Quick! What did you do?

MAR. I led an expedition against Barataria . . . had the entire Island burned and sacked and many of the pirates killed and taken prisoners . . .

- LAF. Merciful heaven! I understand Beluche's warning and the peril of New Orleans! [*indistinct noises of voices heard without.*]
- MAR. Pedro and the guard! Ah, let me try to save you! [*falls on her knees.*] On my knees, Jean!—for the love you bore me — [*Jean lifts her from the floor.*] For the love you bear your imperiled country.
- LAF. Yes. Speak to Darblee if you can. He is one of my men and will come to the rescue.
- MAR. Yes, yes. [*she pushes Lafitte into the mask niche, following him out of the room; Pedro, Manuel and the guard enter.*]
- PED. An empty room! There has been treachery somewhere. [*noise in the niche.*] What was that? [*he rushes to the door beneath the mask; tries to open it; to burst it.*]
- MAN. That door is built against a wall; an annex made to the house after it was completed.
- PED. [*to the guard.*] Knock the lock off. [*they knock it off; the door is swung open and reveals a solid brick wall.*]
- MAN. Just as I told you.
- PED. Search the house. [*enter Mariana.*]
- MAR. [*in feigned joyful surprise, to Pedro.*] Pedro! [*going to him*] Alive!
- PED. [*catching her arm; roughly.*] Where is Lafitte? Come, now. I'll stand no fooling.
- MAR. [*quietly.*] I am in no mood for fooling either. I have not seen Lafitte. [*softening.*] But you—
- PED. The men swear they saw him enter.
- MAR. I know he is not in the house, because he would have asked for me. I was coming into this room just now, when I overheard Manuel speaking of the use to which he had put my note.
- PED. [*brutally.*] What else did you overhear?
- MAR. [*looking at him calmly and unflinchingly.*] Nothing. I was on the point of entering, thinking that Father Cuthbert might be here, when I heard Manuel speak. Then I decided to wait and see what came of my note before going to the Governor. [*to Manuel.*] There was no need of concealment. I would have helped you if I had known.



MAN. You would?

MAR. Have I not wrongs? I wrote to Lafitte, which must be the reason of his non-appearance now, when as ill-luck would have it, he escaped from the burning of Barataria. Yes, that was my business the night of the ball; to beg the Governor's permission to lead the delayed expedition against Barataria.

MAN. Why didn't you let me know?

MAR. Because I wanted to do it all myself.

1st G. A woman *did* lead that expedition.

MAR. A woman did. She failed of her purpose then, but please God, she'll not fail now. I am on my way to inform the Governor that Lafitte is to meet me a half hour hence at the hotel *St. Philippe*. He will come, because he will believe me to be repentant.

MAN. [*suspiciously.*] You still believe that he loves you?

MAR. Do not profane the word. I still believe that Jean Lafitte is not a man to relinquish any purpose lightly.

PED. [*to 1st guard.*] Order eight of your best men to watch this hotel. [*exit 1st guard; to Mariana.*] We will go with you my dear.

MAR. I will meet you at *St. Philippe*. I wish to see Mr. Darblee about my room first. [*moving towards door.*]

PED. [*agreeably.*] We can wait. Shall I conduct you to Mr. Darblee.

MAR. [*baffled; speaks sweetly.*] Thank you. [*takes Pedro's arm, clock strikes 4.*] Oh, I haven't time. I must go to the Governor immediately.

PED. [*pleasantly.*] There is no need. A sufficient force will be on hand. I have engaged to myself to capture Lafitte. We will all go to *St. Philippe*; all—except the eight who are to watch this hotel.

MAR. I'll get my hat. [*Pedro crosses to door; holds it open for her.*] The Governor (*aside*) will have received my message and sent succor before they discover— [*exeunt Mariana and Pedro; enter 1st guard and three others.*]

MAN. [*to 1st guard.*] All right? [*1st guard bows; enter Mariana and Pedro; Manuel advances; takes Mariana's cloak from*

*Pedro; folds it lovingly about Mariana.]* Happy cloak, to unfold you so warmly! to feel the sweet, soft pulsing of your heart!

PED. Ready? [*enter Lafitte.*]

LAF. Stop!

MAN. [*starts.*] Lafitte!

MAR. [*starts.*] Ah!

PED. [*to the guard.*] Seize him! [*the six guards rush upon Lafitte; fasten his arms down.*]

LAF. I give you warning! I belong to the American army. You will pay dearly.

PED. [*savagely.*] You won't be the bill-maker, Emperor Lafitte. [*to the men.*] Remove his sword. [*they remove it; Pedro takes it; breaks it across his knee and throws the pieces aside; exit 1st guard.*]

MAN. [*turning upon Mariana in a fury of jealousy.*] So, Miss! You still love this fellow! Well, American or not, he will be put out of the way! Pedro and I have some scores to settle with him. And as for you, my beauty—[*goes to Mariana; she slaps his face.*] We'll see! [*takes her forcibly in his arms.*] call upon your determined lover now! [*kisses her; Lafitte suddenly breaks the shackles that bind his arms; snatches a small dagger from his belt and fells Manuel with a blow; then he turns upon the crowd; re-enter 1st guard and eight armed men.*]

LAF. [*with his dagger in hand*] Advance, cowards!

PED. His head, dead or alive. Fire! [*the eight men raise their guns; Mariana screams; runs in front of Lafitte, clinging to him; at the same moment a commotion is heard at the opposite door and a file of soldiers with raised guns appears.*]

1st SOL. Hold!

PED. Fire!

1st SOL. The first man who fires will be shot! [*the eight men lower their guns.*] Arrest these men. [*pointing to Pedro and Manuel; the soldiers handcuff them.*]

PED. Upon whose order and on what charge?

1st SOL. Governor Claiborne's order, on charge of being a British spy. [*to his men.*] Search them. [*Pedro and Manuel are searched;*]



*the paper from Captain Lockyer is found on Pedro and handed to 1st soldier.]*

MAN. [*he is assisted to his feet; speaks with the borrowed strength of rage.*] Do you know that it is *Lafitte* whom you have saved?

1st SOL. [*to his men.*] Lead them away. (*Pedro and Manuel are marched off; exeunt guards and soldiers; 1st soldier goes up to Lafitte.*)

You had best use all dispatch in joining your command. Every moment's delay now is dangerous. (*bows; exit.*)

LAF. Mariana . . . (*he gently takes her arm from his neck and raises her head; she is dazed almost insensible.*) Sweetheart . . .

MAR. (*violently.*) No!—I cannot let you go! [*Lafitte kisses her; smooths her hair; leads her to the door.*]

LAF. Good-by, sweetheart . . . good-by.

MAR. (*quietly; leaning against the door.*) Good-by . . .

## CURTAIN.





**ACT IV.**



## ACT IV.



*Morning of January 8th, 1815. Early dawn; an approach to New Orleans, swamp land; cypress trees, draped in Spanish moss; Batteries 3 and 4---the pirates of Barataria---stationed about in the distance; enter Beluche.*

BEL. [*to two or three of his men.*] Remember: Wellington's soldiers are to be dealt with; twelve thousand to five. Relieve the forward watch. [*men salute and exeunt; Beluche looks after them; sighs; walks a few steps with bowed head; takes out the little picture he had found on Pedro in Barataria; looks at it long and intently, enter agitatedly, Bella.*]

BELLA. [*timidly, yet desperately.*] Can you tell me if Dominique You be here?

BEL. [*looks up; starts; looks at his picture; looks at Bella; puts the picture in his pocket.*] He is.

BELLA. May I see him?

BEL. [*coldly.*] No--

BELLA. Just a moment--

BEL. [*brusquely.*] Is not your name Cardez?

BELLA. Yes.

BEL. Ha!

BELLA. Do you know Captain You?

BEL. [*grimly.*] I do and I can tell you that you need expect no success in the practice of your wiles upon him, because I know too, that you have another lover.

BELLA. [*starts*] Who are you?

BEL. [*turning to leave her.*] All women are alike in their infamous cruelty.

BELLA. [*runs after him.*] Please . . . I must see him. He may be killed

BEL. Very probably.

BELLA. I want to ask his forgiveness for my foolish words—

BEL. Whose picture does that locket contain? (*pointing to serpent-head locket on Bella's neck.*)

BELLA. Promise to send Dominique to me and I will tell you.

BEL. May be.

BELLA. It is the picture of a man my mother loved.

BEL. Tell me the story.

BELLA. It was over in Spain. He was a Frenchman, but it seems he had been intrusted by the Spanish government with important papers with instructions not to let them leave his hands except to the proper authority. My mother with a girl's caprice, begged to take them; was refused; begged, pouted and finally had them read to her. She had been outspoken in her love for this man, though my grand-parents had betrothed her to my father. They must have overheard the reading of the papers, for a few hours later my mother's lover was arrested and thrown into prison and his life saved only on condition of mother's immediate marriage to my father.

BEL. [*starts.*] What!

BELLA. So you see, he must have believed—that man whom my mother loved—that she betrayed him. (*Beluche bows his head.*) And she, knowing that all hope was over, and knowing too, his merciless, just nature did not dare to try to undeceive him. Then my grand-parents died and when I was still a young baby, my father died, leaving mother penniless. But the world was bright for her once more, because for the first time in two years, she had hope. She tried to find the man she loved. She prayed to be able to tell him why she had

seemed to forsake him; to be able to beg his forgiveness for all the misery she had entailed by her foolish insistence. But when at last she came to a place where they had heard of him, she was told that he was dead. And so, to lift me out of the stress of dire poverty, she finally yielded and married Leon Duval. They came to America and he made her a good husband to the end.

BEL. (*in a choked voice.*) She is dead.

BELLA. Yes—Poor mother!—Don't you think it a fine face? (*showing Beluche the locket.*)

BEL. No—an idiotic face.

BELLA. (*warmly.*) It is not so. Mother could never have loved other than a fine man.

BEL. Did she ever tell you his name?

BELLA. No.—Sometimes I think they may have made a mistake about his being dead;—don't you think so?

BEL. No,—he is dead. (*turns to go.*)

BELLA. (*puts her hand on his arm.*) You will send Dominique to me?

BEL. Yes.

BELLA. Thank you.—I do like you. (*exeunt severally Bella and Beluche; distant sounds of battle; enter several pirates; they look surly, scowling.*)

1st PIR. Do you hear that firing?

2d PIR. I'm not deaf. (*shivers; draws his coat about him.*)

1st PIR. I don't believe in Lafitte's co-operation; I don't believe he advised our being stationed here

3d PIR. (*savagely.*) If I thought we had been imposed upon—

1st PIR. Are we sheep that we are to be led to the slaughter in this manner?

3d PIR. What can we do?

1st PIR. It's our turn to relieve the watch next, isn't it?

2d PIR. Yes.

1st PIR. Very well then. Wait in seeming acquiescence until the British come—

3d PIR. And then? (*hoof-beats are heard approaching.*)

1st PIR. Wave a flag of truce and let Captains Beluche and You take the consequences. (*enter a mounted messenger.*)

MESS. Captain Lafitte—

1st PIR. Is not here.

MESS. General Jackson orders him to take Battery 3 to the re-enforcement of Coffee's line. Captain Beluche—

1st PIR. Over there. (*pointing; exit messenger, the men following him; distant sounds of battle; enter Dominique.*)

DOM. (*worried and anxious.*) the idea of exposing herself in this manner!—must be more of Lizbette's counsel. (*stops; whistles.*) I'll bet that disguise was insisted upon at Lizbette's dictation. I've a great mind to try the prescription on Bella herself. [*puts on disguise.*] She said she'd recognize me under any disguise. [*enter Bella; Dominique goes up to her; holds out both hands,*]

BELLA. [*starts.*] Who are you?

DOM. Your heart must tell you.

BELLA. Sir—

DOM. Do not speak hastily. I know I have seemed to do so, but I could not help it. We may be interrupted at any moment.

BELLA. You have no right—

DOM. The best I love you.

BELLA. You do not know me.

DOM. [*humoring the situation, but wholly in earnest.*] You are talking nonsense. It is you who do not know me. My heart is full of you. My soul seeks you even in sleep. I love you.

BELLA. You are insolent.

DOM. No. I am truthful. Why will you mistake? Do you not feel that I have loved you for months: prayed for all chances to meet you—to kiss you—(*attempts so kiss her.*)

BELLA. (*screams.*) Help! (*enter Duval.*)

DUV. [*aside.*] The red beard! [*whips out his sword;*] Draw, sir. [*Bella runs aside,*]

DOM. I refuse to draw.

DUV. Do you wish to be murdered?

DOM. [*coolly.*] I shall not be.

DUV. Take this!—(*he makes a pass at Dominique who dodges the sword and trips him.*)

BELLA. Brute! (*she makes a dash for Dominique's face; catches his whiskers; pulls off his disguise; screams; Duval is up again*)



- and on the point of resuming the attack.)* Don't! *(to her father; throws her arms around Dominique's neck.)* It is Dominique. I love him. *(enter Beluche.)*
- DUV. And who the devil may Dominique be? A pirate, I'll bet. One of a band of sneaking robbers, too cowardly ever to fight squarely and above board. *(enter men of Battery 4.)*
- BEL. *(with cutting contempt.)* But brave enough to *fight*, no matter what the circumstances, when the country needs them. *(the pirates settle about; play cards and throw dice.)*
- DUV. None of your insinuations. I would be fighting now, if it were not for this girl.
- BEL. *(to Dominique, aside.)* You'd better see to your men. They are becoming moody. Lafitte's absence pre-occupies them.
- DOM. You think?—
- BEL. *(gravely.)* Keep a close watch. I am taking battery 3 to the re-enforcement of Coffee's line. *(exit; Dominique turns to exit.)*
- DUV. *(to Dominique.)* Stop! *(Dominique stops; to Bella.)* With whom did you come?
- BELLA. Baptiste.
- DUV. Then go home with him.
- BELLA. *(kisses her father.)* Good-by. *(holds her hand out to Dominique.)* Good-by. *(he comes to her; takes her hand; kisses it; exit Bella.)*
- DUV. *(to Dominique.)* Now, sir!—I have no time to join the fighting forces near New Orleans. I will follow you and settle my personal differences with you later.
- DOM. *(bows; turns; makes a few steps toward exit, followed by Duval; stops; starts.)* By heavens!—the British! The men have let them pass without a shot! *(to his men. Forward! men remain seated; continue playing.)* In the name of Lafitte! *(all rise.)*
- 1st PIR. In the name of lies! Lafitte is not here.
- DOM. He would be here if he could.
- 2d PIR. He could be here if he would.
- DUV. The British are advancing! *(to the men.)* In the name of the country!
- 1st PIR. And of the legislators who offered rewards for pirate heads!

2d PIR. Who had us shot like dogs!

3d PIR. Burned out of house and home!

4th PIR. Thrown into dungeons!

5th PIR. And liberated only in order that we might defend them!

ALL. (*in rage, making a lunge at Duval.*) Ah!

DOM. (*darting in front of Duval.*) Back, cowards! Respectable odds await you! (*the British open fire; pirates stand irresolute.*)

1st PIR. (*to the men.*) Come.

DOM. (*jumps on a knoll; levels his gun.*) I'll shoot the first man who retreats. [*men face about irresolutely; firing continues; one man is wounded.*]

WOUNDED P. (*in a rage of defiance.*) Ah! (*switches out a large white handkerchief; strings it to the barrel of his gun; advances towards the British.*) We won't retreat! (*pirates cheer and rally marching around wounded pirate; firing ceases; Dominique shoots down the flag of truce; the men in rage close upon Duval and Dominique; another flag of truce is raised and the march towards the British re-begun; meanwhile, above the sound of their frenzy; are heard approaching cheers and hoof-beats by the hundred; enter Lafitte followed by scores of his men.*)

LAF. Men of Barataria to the front! (*snatches down the flag of truce.*) Death to Wellington's soldiers! (*exit; firing begins.*)

ALL. Lafitte forever! (*exeunt; furious firing, becoming momentarily more remote; enter Bella, Mariana and Baptiste.*)

BAP. (*cataleptic with fear.*) Lordy! Lordy!

BELLA. Oh hush, Baptiste. you give me the shivers. (*to Mariana.*) I'm glad I brought my cordial bottle, in case we get too nervous.

BAP. Oh, Miss Bella, yo plumb rash to fly so in de face o' Providence! Lordy, (*kneels.*) please make 'em change dey mine, seein' I cyarn do nuttin, an' ef not, pertec dis po' ole nigger who done pray to you an' who bin yo good an' faithful sarvent . . . Yes, Lord, I trus yo full an' free . . . (*a stray shot sounds close and loud; Bella starts, dropping her cordial bottle; Baptiste jumps up.*) Gawd A'mighty, das dang'ous! [*exit running.*]

BELLA. Oh, I think we had better go, too. (*takes Mariana's arm; half pulls her off; enter Pedro.*)

- PED, [*scantily clad.*] I made up my mind to escape. I've done it, Hungry—chilled to the bone—with blood hounds on my track—But if every other purpose I ever had in life fail, I will accomplish that of my hate for Lafitte. [*reaches for his pistol; holds his hand out; looks at it.*] Curse this cold! I can scarcely hold my pistol. [*sees the cordial bottle; picks it up.*] Ah! [*takes a drink; slaps the stopper back on and throws the bottles down; makes a wry face.*] That's queer tasting stuff. [*the firing has ceased; enter Lafitte.*]
- LAF. [*anxiously.*] Surely she could not have been so imprudent—  
[*Pedro sees him; creeps up behind him; aims waveringly.*]
- PED. [*in choking rage.*] Damn— [*falls; dies; Lafitte turns; sees Pedro; enter Mariana.*]
- MAR. Jean! [*Lafitte starts; throws his cloak over Pedro's body.*]  
You are not hurt?
- LAF. Not hurt, sweetheart
- MAR. And the victory?
- LAF. Is ours. I have just sent word to General Jackson. The British have been routed with fearful loss.
- MAR. And we?—Oh—[*seeing the covered form.*] Who is it?
- LAF. [*solemnly*] A man to whom I owe much knowledge. (*Mariana takes a flower from her breast, goes up to the body and places it upon his.*)
- LAF. (*to some of his men who have come on.*) Take this body to New Orleans for interment. (*the men carry it away; enter Dominique and Bella at back.*) My sweetheart this place—
- MAR. Ah, I am so proud of you! (*enter Duval and Beluche.*)
- BEL. (*earnestly to Duval.*) Your broken word would be a lesser matter to you than your daughter's broken heart.
- BELLA. Oh, here's my cordial bottle! [*picks it up.*]
- DUV. (*to Lafitte.*) I desire, sir, to congratulate you. (*shakes hands; Bella goes to Mariana; Beluche and Dominique are grouped together.*)
- BELLA. (*to Mariana, showing her cordial bottle.*) Shall we take a swallow,—just to settle our nerves? (*Mariana smiles; takes the bottle; raises it.*)
- LAF. [*comes behind her as she is about to drink, takes the bottle from her and throws it aside; happily.*] You need no cordial on

such a day as this.

BELLA. Ah, my tonic is all wasted! [*enter a messenger on horseback.*]

MESS. (*dismounts; bows.*) General Jackson presents his thanks to Captain Jean Lafitte for his efficient and loyal services; also thanks to Captains Beluche and You, together with a promise to grant Captain Lafitte any pardons he may ask.

LAF. (*bows.*) My profound acknowledgement and most respectful homage to General Jackson. Do you know whether the two men arrested at the *hotel des Exiles* have been executed? (*Mariana goes to Lafitte's side.*)

MESS. They have not. One of them escaped; is being traced now. The other will be executed in an hour. (*Mariana starts; puts her hand on Lafitte's arm.*)

LAF. [*placing his hand over hers*] Which one escaped.

MESS. Pedro d'Acosta. [*Mariana buries her face in her hand*]

DUV. (*starts.*) Pedro d'Acosta arrested?

MESS. As a British spy.

LAF. I shall be very much in your debt if you will use all possible speed in seeing the Governor and in begging him, in my name, to spare Don Manuel d'Acosta's life---and that of Pedro d'Acosta, if he be caught.

MESS. I shall do so. [*bows; exit.*]

MAR. (*to Lafitte.*) Do you think he will be in time?

LAF. Yes.

DUV. [*to Bella.*] Well, I will give my consent.

BEL. On one condition: that she give up her faith in Lizbette and her practices.

BELLA. Dominique told you about that, but—I promise. [*exeunt Bella, Dominique, Duval and Beluche.*]

MAR. Do you think Pedro will be caught?

LAF. (*lovingly.*) It would not matter if he were.

MAR. But do you think he'll be caught?

LAF. [*kisses her.*] No, sweetheart. (*passes his bis hand gently over her hair.*) I don't think he'll be caught.

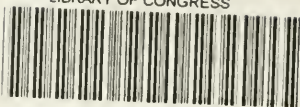
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